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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1925.

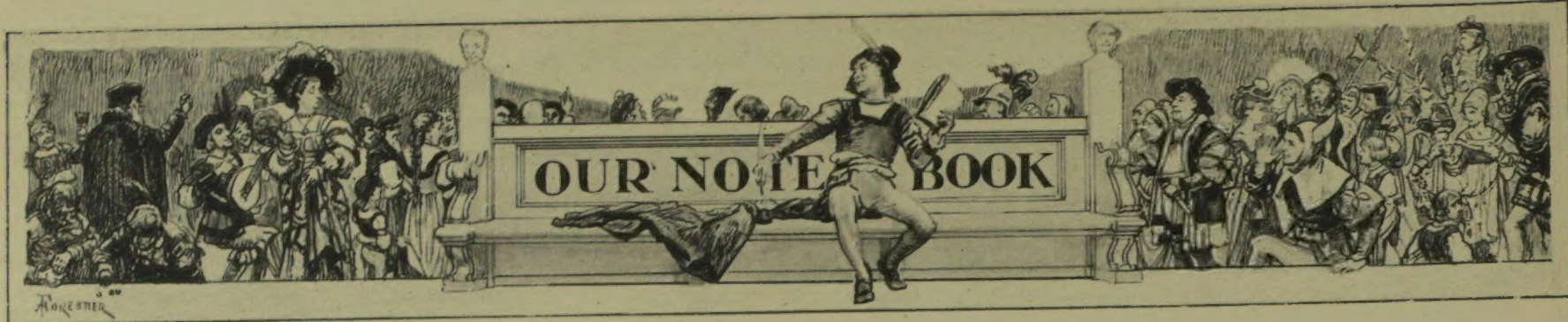
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THE CHIEF CAUSE OF THE SPANISH LOSSES IN MOROCCO: RIFFIAN SNIPERS PICK OFF MEN IN A SPANISH PATROL ON THE TETUAN-SHESHUAN ROAD IN A DÉFILE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The losses inflicted on the Spanish troops in Morocco have been largely caused by sniping, to which the nature of the country particularly lends itself. "The above drawing," writes the artist, "shows a Spanish patrol caught on the Tetuan-Sheshuan road by Riffian snipers. This road throughout its length runs along a valley everywhere overlooked by the mountains. In withdrawing from Sheshuan the Spanish High Command has undoubtedly acted wisely." The Marquis de Estella

(General Primo de Rivera), the head of the Spanish Directory, who went himself to Morocco and organised the withdrawal, established a new seventy-five-mile front, known as the Primo de Rivera line, running westward from Tetuan towards Tangier. In an article on page 124 Lieut-Colonel C. P. Hawkes points out that many of the so-called Moors really belong to the ancient race of Berbers, a white-skinned people.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SAW an article the other day in a little paper of the uplifting sort, an article contributed by a man for whom I, for one, shall always feel great sympathy and respect, if only because of the torrent of tosh that was poured out against him—I mean Lord Haldane. Nobody on earth is less likely to find his spiritual home in Germany than I am. A man like Houston Chamberlain, really going there as to his spiritual home, reminds me of nothing but Judas Iscariot going to his own place. But the joke about the spiritual home was chiefly tossed about among vulgar adventurers of the sort who have no home, let alone spirituality. They were the very people who had most fulsomely flattered Prussia when it was the fashion to flatter Prussia. They reproached Lord Haldane for the very Teutonic nonsense which they had been talking unintelligently when he was talking it intelligently. The whole of the last Victorian phase was full of that nonsense; and people were peculiar for not talking it—I confess I am proud to remember that I was one of the peculiar ones. Very likely we shall have the same nonsense in the next phase. For they have done what is always needed in the case of nonsense—they have found a new word for it. Henceforth our nonsense is not to be Teutonic; it is to be strictly Nordic. Perhaps somebody will say that the North Pole is his spiritual home. But he will work for England all right, when the next great war comes as a result of such nonsense.

But the essay to which I refer was not concerned with this old political quarrel. It was concerned with the general idea of progress, or the improvement of human society in the process of time. Progress, like Teutonism, was one of the Victorian idols which looked a little damaged after the Great War. But what interested me about the matter was this: that Lord Haldane, a man of very large and liberal mind, came to the optimistic conclusion in the matter chiefly for a particular reason. He said he thought the average of mankind had been uplifted, and that was the reason that we did not so clearly perceive the peaks and the high places. I have a difficulty in believing this in the direct and popular sense. I feel it hard to convince myself that Michael Angelo is no longer to be seen because a vast mob of Michael Angelos are struggling in the street. I cannot think that we suffer from such a multiplicity of Shakespeares that Shakespeare is invisible among them. Surely it is not quite true that there are Aristotles wherever the eye can reach, and Dantes in a dense throng that the eye can hardly fathom. I allow something for some respects in which the average of accomplishment has been raised. More people can read and write; but even against a background of the Dark Ages we hardly see Dante pre-eminent because he could write—but rather, possibly, because of what he wrote.

But I am prepared to take the question in a somewhat more general and symbolical form. I take it that what Lord Haldane meant was that, while the very greatest would probably be as exceptional in our time as they were in their own time, there is a larger proportion of the fairly clever and cultivated than in simpler stages of history. And that is a very interesting question, though doubtless a very difficult one to determine, for we can never know exactly what an Elizabethan or an ancient Athenian was really like, as we should know it with the first glimpse of his face or the first note of his speaking voice. But I am inclined to think that he would be at least as much astonished at our stupidity as we at his. There

is always a difficulty—first, about what is really superiority; and, second, about what sort of simplicity is nearest to superiority.

There was a Euphuist in one of Walter Scott's novels who was dressed up as an old woman minding the cows, and betrayed his disguise by saying, "I am she, O most bucolical juvenal, to whose care are committed the milky mothers of the herd." If a number of our London juvenals, who are not at all bucolical, were to meet that Elizabethan gentleman, with his huge ruff and his tall talk in that style, they would think him an extravagantly artificial product. Yet it is probable that the Elizabethan gallant really knew far more about the milky mothers of the herd

ness and they did fight to the point of death. There was nothing unreal about wine or blood, with which they painted the town red, any more than about milk with which they painted their pastoral pictures white. And those pastoral poems and prose romances in which they delighted are not, as many modern people suppose, merely artificial and affected. They are not half so artificial and affected as half a hundred modern realistic novels about absinthe or gin. Nature is very close behind the artifice of the Arcadian poet. Artifice is very close behind the naturalism of the newer thing called the novel. Some readers of the old Cavalier love-lyrics may be inclined to say that they prefer a girl who is called Chloe and behaves like a girl to one who is called Joan and behaves like a maniac.

The fantasy is all on the surface of the old songs and the sanity within. But in much of more scientific fiction, the sanity is outside in the form of dullness and the fantasy is inside in the form of lunacy.

The point here, however, is this: that, when thinkers like Lord Haldane talk of the average having risen, what they mean is that they prefer the level of the little boys in the street to that of the little boys on the farm. They cannot really suppose that the whole town population is raised to the height of the individual rustic called William Shakespeare coming up to London, or Robert Burns coming up to Edinburgh. They know that some men stand up like lamp-posts above the grey pavement, as other men stand up like trees above the green field. What they mean is that they prefer the pavement to the field. First, however, a street of paving-stones is seldom found to grow lamp-posts; and a field does in a sense grow trees. And second, while we can (so long as the machinery works) use lamp-posts for light, we can hardly cut them up for firewood; still less can we devour them for food. But we can get food from an orchard or fuel from a forest.

Both these truths have a certain analogy in life close to nature. All peasants are not poets; but sky and landscape are always giving a chance to the poet who is a peasant. And, touching the much more practical question, when the rest of civilisation breaks down, peasants still have a chance. They can still live, while the lunatics of the town are trying to plough the pavement or pick apples off the lamp-posts. Now the question at issue really is whether this average level of men is much improved by having the urban instead of the rural sort of simplicity or dependence. It seems to me that there was much more chance of liveliness when the things with which such simple people dealt were at least primary and poetical, and not subordinate and mechanical things. The village poet can get lost in the wood, but only the village drunkard can get lost round the lamp-post.

In politics, for instance, it is true in any case that the simple are too much influenced by the clever and too little by the wise. But, though the village orator may have it too much his own way in the inn parlour, he cannot quite falsify the facts about the village. He cannot prove that the village drunkard is a teetotaler or the village idiot a sage. When politics were more local, they were more truthful. But the town level which Lord Haldane thought "lifted" is really at the mercy of the wildest lies. Its teachers really do presume on ignorance—the ignorance of town populations. They make monsters of men so that hardly one fantastic feature is recognisable. They say things of public men that nobody who had ever seen them could believe. And (as I have said) nobody had better reason to know it than Lord Haldane.



LENIN'S COLLEAGUE IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF BOLSHEVISM ACCUSED OF BOURGEOIS TENDENCIES AND DISMISSED FROM HIS POST: TROTSKY—HITHERTO PRESIDENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR COUNCIL—HARANGUING TROOPS OF THE RUSSIAN "RED" ARMY.

According to a semi-official statement reported from Moscow, the Executive Committee and the Central Commission of Control of the Russian Communist Party decided, on January 16, that Trotsky should relinquish his post as President of the Revolutionary War Council, and should be required to submit to party discipline. Trotsky himself was absent from the meeting on account of illness. He offended the other Bolshevik leaders, especially the "Triumvirate"—Zinovieff, Kameneff, and Stalin—by his new book, entitled "1917," and has been denounced as no true Bolshevik. Kameneff said in a recent speech that "Comrade Trotsky has become the channel through which the forces of the *petite bourgeoisie* find their way into our party," and is, "for all who regard Communism as their greatest enemy, a symbol of emancipation from the thrall of the Communist Party."

than the little London boys, who probably think of all milk as coming from a milk-can. The Elizabethan gallant was, after all, much nearer to the cow. Twenty minutes' walk might take him from Whitehall to some place where cows were milked. Even in the sentence for which he was derided (and which was not, perhaps, a triumph of tact considered as an attempt at diplomacy and disguise) there was, after all, a real natural fact translated into rather unnatural language. And that is true of almost the whole of Elizabethan literature.

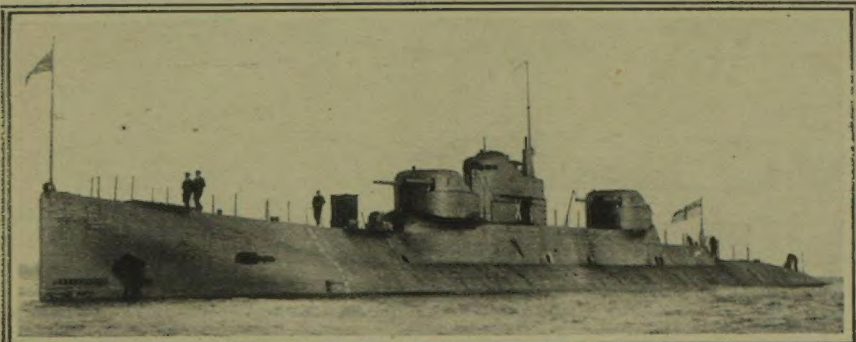
It sounds to us unreal to call wine Bacchus and war Mars; but they did drink to the point of drunken-

OUR ANAGLYPHS: SEE THE ALL BLACKS, ON PAGE 144.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 160, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF MEMORABLE EVENTS.

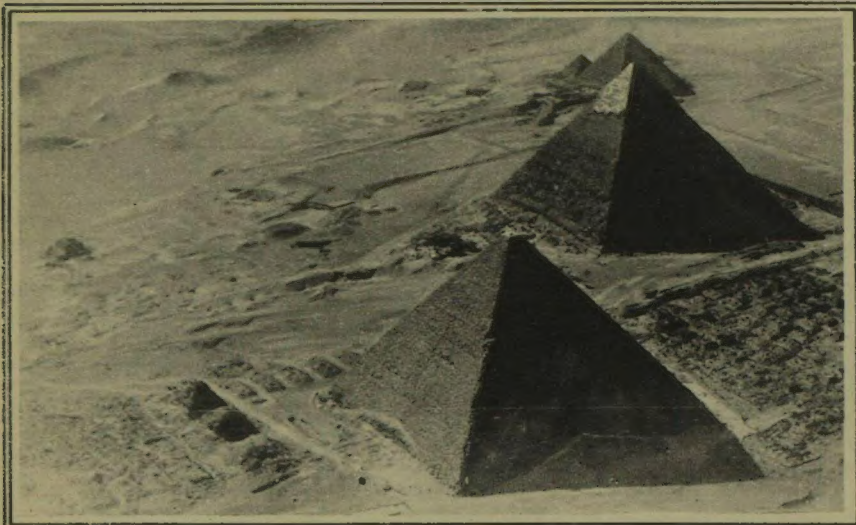
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PYRAMIDS BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE (CROWN COPYRIGHT). UR DISCOVERIES BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. OTHERS SUPPLIED BY PHOTOPRESS, THE "TIMES," C.N., AND AGENCIA GRAFICA, MADRID.



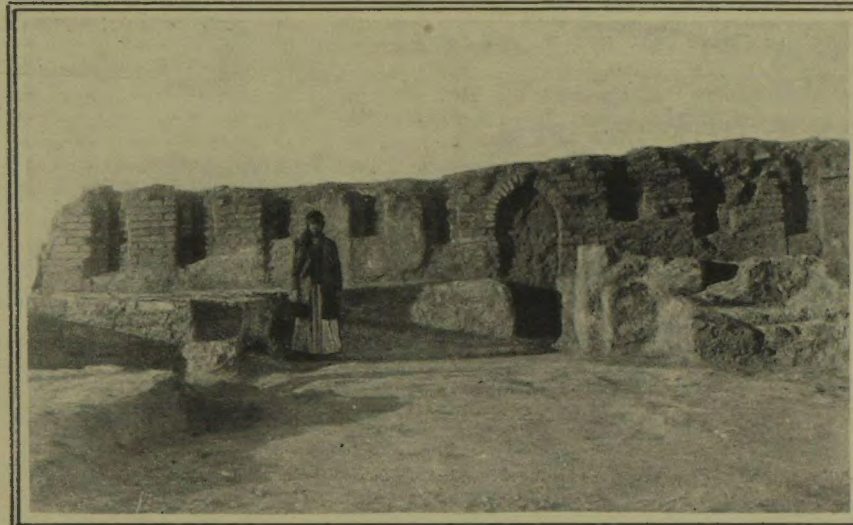
THE LARGEST OF HER KIND IN THE WORLD, ARMED WITH TWO PAIRS OF TURRET GUNS: THE NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE "X.1." (3600 TONS) CRUISING AT SPITHEAD.



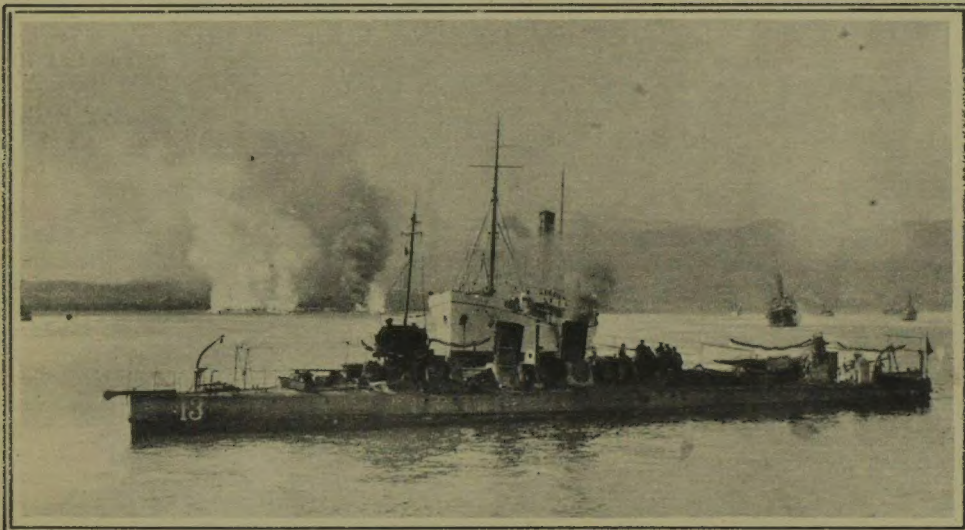
BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE SIXTH OR EIGHTH CENTURY: THE PARTS OF AN ANCIENT GOLD VASE (WEIGHING 390 OZ.) DUG UP BY BULGARIAN PEASANTS NEAR PLEVNA.



SHOWING, TO THE EAST (LEFT) OF THE GREAT PYRAMID (IN FOREGROUND), EXCAVATIONS WHERE REMARKABLE NEW DISCOVERIES HAVE BEEN MADE: THE PYRAMIDS FROM THE AIR.



NEW DISCOVERIES AT THE CITY OF ABRAHAM: THE HALL OF JUSTICE FOUND AT THE SOUTH-EAST SIDE OF THE ZIGGURAT AT UR OF THE CHALDEES, WITH AN INSCRIPTION OF 650 B.C.



SHOWING THE WAD LAU BASE CAMP BURNING (BACKGROUND), A DESTROYER, AND A HOSPITAL SHIP: AN INCIDENT OF THE SPANISH WITHDRAWAL TO NEW LINES IN MOROCCO.



A MOTOR-CAR PLUNGES INTO A BUNGALOW, SEVERELY INJURING OCCUPANTS IN BED: A RESULT OF DAZZLING HEAD-LIGHTS.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN ARRIVES AT KHARTUM: SIR GEOFFREY ARCHER (ON GANGWAY, IN PLUMED HELMET) GOING ASHORE AT THE PALACE LANDING-PLACE.



DESTROYED SINCE HIS ATTACK ON KING ALFONSO: A BUST OF BLASCO IBANEZ ON A TABLET NAMING A STREET AFTER HIM IN HIS NATIVE VALENCIA.

Submarine "X1," is 350 ft. long, with a displacement of 2780 tons (surface) and 3600 (submerged). She recently arrived at Portsmouth after satisfactory trials.—Bulgarian peasants digging at the village of Vulchidrum, near Plevna, lately discovered an elaborate gold vase, believed to be of Asiatic origin, and to have been buried since the sixth or eighth century.—Remarkable discoveries made near the Pyramids, by the Boston-Harvard Expedition, include a royal cemetery of the Fourth Dynasty (2900 B.C.), pits for funeral boats, and two very interesting tombs of the sixth Dynasty (2625 B.C.).—Equally notable progress has been made at Ur, in Babylonia, by the British Museum and Pennsylvania University Museum's joint expedition, whose excavation of the wonderful ziggurat (tower) we have previously illustrated.—The Spanish forces in Morocco set on

fire their base camp at Wad Lau on evacuating it under the Marquis de Estella's strategic withdrawal to a new line. Altogether over 200 positions were abandoned.—The extraordinary collision of a motor-car with a bungalow, in America, was due to a woman driver losing control through being blinded by the glare of an approaching car.—Sir Geoffrey Archer landed at Khartum, from the Government steamer "Nasir," on January 5. A guard of honour of the Leicesters gave him a Royal Salute.—King Alfonso replied to the pamphlet attack on him by Blasco Ibañez, the revolutionary Spanish novelist, at a banquet at Cordova on January 15. "The King," said his Majesty, "will die at his post, and the mud will not soil him. When in Morocco men are fighting and dying under the flag, the man who defames them is a traitor to his country."



Bab Burdain, a gate of the city of Mequinez, Morocco.



City & oasis of Ghardaja - M'zab - Sahara.

THE WHITE MEN OF BARBARY: THE BERBERS AND THEIR HISTORY.

By Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Hawkes.

I.—THEIR PAST.

IN recently published books and newspaper articles on the French development of Morocco and the Spanish difficulties in the Riff, the fact is not sufficiently emphasised that the Berbers and Kabyles, who constitute three-fifths of the population of



DISTINCT IN FACIAL TYPE AND IN DRESS FROM THE ARAB (ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH): A NORTHERN BERBER OF TETUAN, WITH RETROUSSE NOSE, AND WEARING THE BERBER SKULL CAP.

Photograph by Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Hawkes.

Barbary—and of whom the Riffi highlanders are perhaps the finest physical specimens—are a white race, and not of African or Arab origin, and that the remainder of the inhabitants of the north-western corner of Africa, whom we call "Moors," are a people of mixed Arab and Berber blood in which the latter predominates.

In the eighth century, when they conquered the southern shore of the Mediterranean, "in a single cavalry charge," the Arabs found the old Roman Imperial province of Mauretania (Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis) inhabited by an apparently indigenous race of immemorial antiquity, which previous and successive conquests by Phœnicians, Romans, and Vandals had failed to absorb or wholly to subdue. For the Berbers had survived after each wave of victorious invaders had ebbed, merely adopting from one a religion, from another an idiom, and from a third some habits or a fashion of costume. And, though the Arabs at last succeeded in imposing upon this ancient race their faith, and, to a more limited extent, their language, the *Amazigh* (or "Noble People," as the Berbers call themselves) have maintained to this day their racial homogeneity and the personal characteristics noted by Pliny and by Saint Augustine, himself a Kabyle from Tunisia.

Many theories exist as to their origin and the part of the world from which they came to Africa. Some ethnologists say that they are descendants of the Philistines who were expelled from Canaan, and identify their mythical hero, Jalût, with Goliath of Gath; while others assert that Balkis, Queen of Sheba, was of the family of Afrikyeh, a chieftain who rallied the Amalekites after their rout by Joshua, and led them to the western side of the Red Sea; and several French authorities connect them with the Shepherd-Kings of Egypt, the conquering Hyksos.

It is now, however, fairly well established that the Berbers are racially akin to some of the oldest European stocks, such as the Iberians, the ancient

COMPARATIVELY FAIR-SKINNED, WITH FEATURES SUGGESTING AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TYPE: A BERBER BEAUTY—OF A RACE WHOSE GIRLS ARE OFTEN VERY ATTRACTIVE, AND WEAR ARTISTIC ORNAMENTS.

Etruscans, and the Basques of the Pyrenees: and, while it was inevitable that successive conquests should have produced some mixture of blood, the Berbers largely remain a distinct and white-skinned people.

Their military record goes back through many centuries, and Berber hosts have twice invaded Europe. For it was in command of armies mainly recruited from among them that Hannibal swept through Spain and Southern Gaul and, after crossing the Alps—a congenial adventure to the hardy Atlas mountaineers—humbled the power of Rome. And, under Tarik, a Moroccan Berber chieftain, took place the Moslem invasion of Spain in A.D. 710, which resulted in an Islamic domination of south-western Europe that lasted for seven centuries, during which Art, Science and Learning flourished, while the rest of the continent was still submerged in the savagery of the Dark Ages. It has been asserted that under the later Roman Empire the Berbers were largely Christianised, and it is not unlikely that they may have been. It is certainly true that the Riffis to-day make use of the old-style Gregorian calendar, that they still burn bonfires to celebrate St. John's Eve, and that the name of Maryam still occurs among their women, many of whom tattoo their foreheads with the sign of the Cross.

II.—THEIR PRESENT.

The northern Berber tribes include the Kabyle clans of the Algerian Aures and Djerjura; the Riffi highlanders who inhabit the hilly hinterland of the North African coast which faces Andalusia; and the vast Berber population of the Atlas, whose homes are along the whole great mountain range from the Algerian border down to southward of Marrakesh. The southern Berbers comprise the *Shluh* of the Sus country, in the far south of the French Protectorate, and the mysterious veiled Tuaregs of the Sahara, whose forbears are supposed to have been driven into their sandy fastnesses by the Arab invasions of eleven centuries ago. The northern Berbers are a magnificent race of wiry, well-built men and women, inured to cold and the rigours of life in a hill-country, and are mostly fair of hair and complexion, though the latter is often tanned to a deep bronze by exposure to hard weather and to the fierce rays of the African sun. They are industrious and domesticated, and have an innate love for an agricultural life in settled places quite alien to the nomad Arabs, and, unlike these, do not live in tents, but in square-roofed houses of *tapia* (mud-concrete), the same material as that of which the Alhambra was built.

The southern Berbers are shorter, thicker-set, and darker of skin than their northern kinsmen, owing to an undoubted admixture of negro blood.

While the Berbers of the Atlantic and Mediterranean littoral conform in the main to the Arab style of dress, the hillmen and Susi tribesmen may always be distinguished by the black and brown goatskin cloaks that are their distinctive wear. As a rule, the Berber wears no turban, but covers his head with a small skull-cap, or twists round it a coil of camel's or goat's hair, or the felt cover of his rifle. The Susi and Tuaregs wear sandals of untanned hide, and the Riffis affect a rough footgear soled with plaited half-grass—the parent of the Spanish *alpargata* or rope-soled shoe now worn by the peasantry from Calpe to the Pyrenees.

All Berbers shave their heads in the Moslem fashion, leaving only one long lock or pigtail called the *khern*, which grows from one side of the skull, or is left dangling from the poll. Ancient Egyptian reliefs and frescoes show that a similar practice prevailed in Tutanekhamen's time—another proof, as some allege, of an original Berber migration from the banks of the Nile.

The political system of the Berbers is purely tribal, and, until Abd-el-Krim recently consolidated his personal authority among the Riffis by an amazing succession of military successes against the Spaniards, no confederation of Berber tribes has ever for long acknowledged the leadership of one man. The *Djemaa*, or Council of Elders in each tribe, administers justice, decrees taxation, and appoints the *Amghar* or tribal chief to lead the forces of the tribe in war.

The Berbers are great sportsmen and athletes, and, when not engaged in their constant pastime and

occupation of the vendetta, play football (*laab le kârah*), with a leather ball, and a ferocious kind of hockey (*laab el kisrah b'il asâ*), besides spending much time in wrestling and swordplay. They are also excellent gymnasts, and many find their way abroad in the numerous troupes of "Arab Acrobats" which perform in European and American music-halls and circuses.

The *T'Amazhek* language is unwritten, and comprises many dialects containing both Latin and Arabic words collected during many centuries. The Atlas hillmen speak the *Shluh* dialect, and in the Sahara the Tuareg tongue sounds to the nomad Arab as foreign as French or English. The mountain tribes regard the blood-feud as part of their traditional heritage, and the Riffis sow and reap, like the Pathans of the Indian frontier, with rifles slung behind them and sentries posted on the watch-towers of their thorn-hedged villages.

The Berbers differ widely from the Arabs in their treatment of women, to whom they accord a consideration and a personal liberty more in consonance with Western ideas. Although Mohammedans, they are mainly monogamous, and do not segregate their womenfolk, who move freely and unveiled among the men. Their girls vary between extremes of ugliness and beauty, and are often surprisingly intelligent and attractive. Their dress is often graceful, and their jewellery quite artistic in design. In particular, the *b'zaim*, or silver brooches with which they fasten their shawls—little C-shaped curves of silver, with a pin across the widest part—are curiously like the Celtic brooches in the British Museum.

III.—THEIR FUTURE.

Alone among the Berbers, the Riffis in the north and the Tuaregs in the south refuse to acknowledge the overlordship of any European Power. Throughout the rest of Barbary the Berbers seem reconciled to the beneficent suzerainty of France, and in Morocco Marshal Lyautey accords to their industrious habits and energetic racial qualities the fullest scope for both civil and military purposes; while it must never be forgotten that France owes much of her glory in the historic defence of Verdun to the dogged



MORE SEMITIC IN APPEARANCE, ESPECIALLY IN THE SHAPE OF THE NOSE, AND DIFFERING IN COSTUME FROM THE BERBER (ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH): AN ARAB OF TETUAN, IN TURBAN AND LONG COAT.

Photograph by Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Hawkes.

bravery of the Moroccan divisions of her army. The development, therefore, of the long-latent capabilities of this ancient white-skinned people by methods of modern education, improved systems of transport, and sympathetic administration will undoubtedly prove a vital factor in the economic and political future of North Africa.

TO ADORN HOMES IN AMERICA: SPENCER COLLECTION MASTERPIECES.



A FAMOUS GAINSBOROUGH SOLD FROM THE ALTHORP COLLECTION FOR EXPORT TO AMERICA: "GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE" (C. 1776).



LONG A SHOW PICTURE AT ALTHORP: VAN DYCK'S BEAUTIFUL "DAEDALUS AND ICARUS," DESCRIBED AS "A MODEL OF PERFECTION IN ART."



PAINTED IN 1775-6 (EARLIER THAN GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT): "GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



A FAMILY PORTRAIT SOLD BY EARL SPENCER TO GO TO AMERICA: ANOTHER FAMOUS PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS—"LAVINIA COUNTESS SPENCER, AND HER SON, JOHN CHARLES, VISCOUNT ALTHORP."



REGARDED AS ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF FRANS HALS: HIS "PORTRAIT OF A MAN" (INSCRIBED "AETA 41, 1626," BUT THE SITTER UNIDENTIFIED)—ONE OF THE ALTHORP PICTURES DESTINED FOR AMERICA.

Those who deplore the export of famous works of art were distressed at the report—in the "New York Times"—that Earl Spencer had been compelled, owing to the heavy death duties, to sell to Messrs. Duveen six of the finest pictures at Althorp, and that they were destined for America. A report that the price paid for them was over a million and a-half dollars was alleged to have been described by Earl Spencer as "absolutely untrue and grossly exaggerated." Messrs. Duveen were said to have declined either to deny or confirm the report. We reproduce above five of the six works, which are all well known to British connoisseurs, and also to the public, as the pictures (especially

those by Reynolds and Gainsborough) have often been lent to loan exhibitions in London. The sixth picture sold, not shown here, is a beautiful portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Frances (Molesworth) Marchioness Camden, painted in 1777, before her marriage. The Frans Hals portrait of an unknown man has been at Althorp for generations. Some critics have suggested that the view seen through the window in it is the work of Van Goyen. Of Van Dyck's mythological picture, "Daedalus and Icarus," a famous critic said: "It is one of the artist's most mature productions. The body of Icarus, both in drawing and colour, is a model of perfection in art."

The "Signora" Who Knew No Peace.

"ELEONORA DUSE." By JEANNE BORDEUX.*

BORN in a third-class railway carriage while her father's touring company was travelling from Venice to Vigevano, Eleonora Giulia Amalia Duse was not only the daughter of an actor and an actress, but her father's father, the first of the family to seek fortune behind the footlights, was the Luigi Duse of "Giacometto" fame. When she was four the stage knew her as Cosette in an abridged version of "Les Misérables." "Poor little Cosette! When the shrew of the piece kicked her under the table, her mother, from the wings, tried to reassure the child. 'Don't cry, baby,' she would say, 'nor be so afraid—you're only being hurt to make them laugh.'"

"Only being hurt to make them laugh"! That is the eternal tragedy of the sensitive player; and Duse was "the 'Signora' who knew no peace."

In her earliest days, the fearful dark poverty forbade candles to dispel; the cold poor garments could not conquer; the hunger hospital soup and scarce polenta could not satisfy, told upon her temperament, tormented her nerves, and tore at her body. She had not the money to buy mourning when her mother died; she stole a slice of coarse bread that she might have strength to play Juliet; and always she was working, working, working.

Later, a nomad of nomads, a frail frame enshrining a fierce flame, aloof and alone, now in the height and now in the depths, an emotional empress in action

performance; it varies in intensity, and depends upon her disposition, the state of her nerves, an accident, often needless, which agitates her at the moment of going on the stage. On certain evenings Eleonora Duse plays from her heart, on others it is the profession that plays. She forgets herself entirely or she only half forgets. In the latter case she is merely good (she could never be bad); in the former she is inimitable, incomparable, if not sublime."

In the same way, her marriage, her love affairs, and her friendships seemed less a part of her than of her stage life—even her passions for Martino Cafiero and Flavio Anzò; her devotion for Boito, whose "Nerone" brought fame when it was too late; her attraction, her entirely artistic attraction, to Jean Philippe Worth, "who knew more about dressing a woman than anyone in the world"; even her long association with Gabriele D'Annunzio, were but incidents giving knowledge that was to be expended on the boards.

For that reason there were times when she would not act—because she did not feel like it. In Moscow, in 1897, she decided that "the snow absorbed her strength" to such an extent that she could not play: the loss was about 100,000 lire. In Petrograd she would not go on one night, although everything was ready and the Emperor and other members of the royal family were in their seats. "What, signora," cried the manager, "the Czar has already arrived. I can't send him away!"

"And why not?" was the answer. "At least you won't have to refund his money, for he didn't pay to get in. . . . Tell them anything you please: that I've broken my leg, or—or am dead. Good-night."

And for that reason there were many, many times when she was superb; how superb, critics will never decide: there are those for Bernhardt before Duse, and those for Duse before Bernhardt. Meantime it is interesting to note the relationship between the two actresses as given by Miss Bordeaux. In Paris, "Sarah Bernhardt, who had invited the Duse to her own theatre, forgetting professional etiquette, hermetically closed her dressing-room; and the first night, hidden in a stage-box, jealously watched her rival's success. After the fourth act, unable to withstand the continual applause, she came forward and, standing in the front of the box, looked towards the audience. After a few moments she was recognised, and the applause immediately turned from the Duse to herself." Duse did not forget; and when Sarah wrote disparagingly of her in her memoirs, saying "She has done nothing more than to put on other people's gloves, wrong side out," she said: "Tell Madame Bernhardt that I am not writing my memoirs, nor have I any intention of writing them; but that she had better pray God that I never change my mind."

But to return to Duse. "Without pity, as she often expressed it, she was condemned to drag forever the infernal chains: in other words, to die night after night on the stage, either consumptive, poisoned, or shot—for the good of her country and in the name of Art. And so it seemed, for in nine out of ten plays given by the Duse the drama ended with her death." Doubtless this added to the stress, and it is not surprising that the actress longed for retirement and a quiet life. Fate, however, did not will it so. She did, indeed, retire, in 1909, her resistance broken down, her state of nerves such that she had been obliged to forbid anyone to be on the stage behind the scene, before or during a performance, her asthma only kept in check by the daily use of oxygen; but in 1911 she was back again, only to have to give up.

A little later came the war. She went as near the front as she could, comforting the wounded and the

retreating. Then came the crash. Never saving, she had yet bought an annuity, bringing her in 30,000 lire for life. Unfortunately it was Austrian, and as the krone went down so did Duse's money

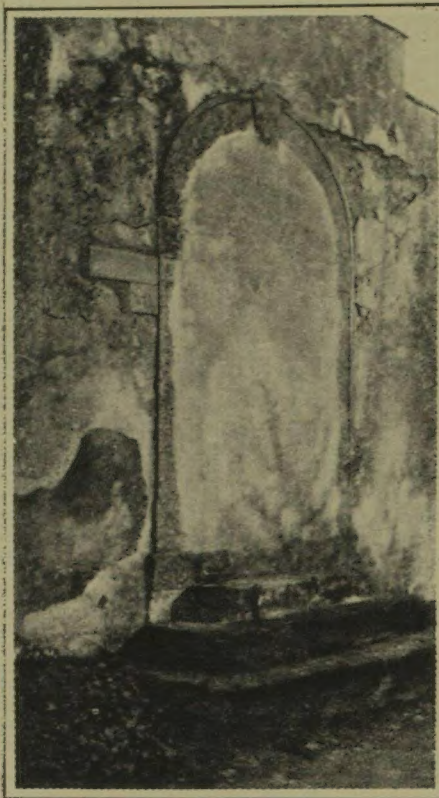
decrease. At last she had to sell her possessions—costumes, books, her pearls, and the rest. Finally, she had to play again—to live. First she was at Turin, and then on tour, kept going by oxygen and ether, leaning against chairs and tables for support, fighting heroically. Then, in May 1923, she gave six matinées under Charles B. Cochran, at the New Oxford Theatre; and then came the United States.

She triumphed; but it was the end. One lung had gone. It was painful for her to travel: "Crossing the arid desert of Arizona, under the burning rays of the sun, the Duse again suffered atrociously from the suffocating heat and the fine sand that, despite the double windows of the sleeping-car, penetrated her compartment." At Pittsburgh, on the evening of April 5, 1924, by accident she had to wait in the rain before she could get into the theatre. She played—in "The Closed Door"—although she was trembling and scarcely able to stand. On April 21, she died.

Tragedy, ever tragedy: "the 'Signora' who knew no peace."

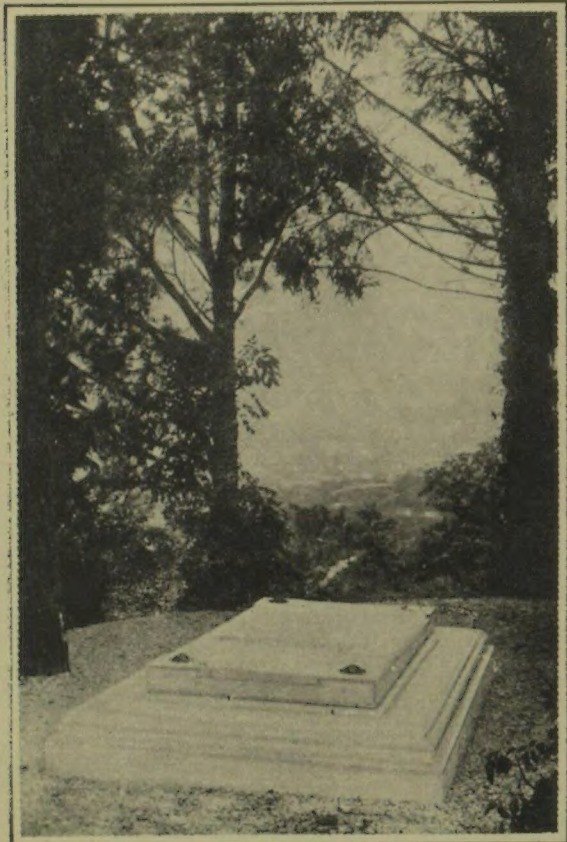
There we leave a book of more than usual interest. Some will call it a mere paean of praise, a compound of eulogies and ecstasies. It matters not at all—neither do such un-English turns as "fervid animator," and "the effluvium of two thousand roses," nor the irritating insistence on "the Duse." It must be taken for what it is and as a whole: then it satisfies.

E. H. G.



THE ROMANCE OF DUSE AND D'ANNUNZIO: THE PORZIUNCOLA GATE, THROUGH WHICH THE ACTRESS USED TO PASS TO VISIT THE POET AT THE VILLA CAPPONCINA.

The Villa Porziuncola, at Settignano, Florence, was a peasant's cottage when Duse leased it; but, aided by D'Annunzio, she transformed it into "a most exquisite ancient villa." The poet's home, the Villa Capponcina, was across the narrow street.



PEACE: THE GRAVE OF ELEONORA DUSE, AT ASOLO, FACING MOUNT GRAPPA.

and a simple subject in repose, a creature of moods so unconquerable that she could act as indifferently as she could brilliantly, so capricious that she was the despair of her managers, she tortured herself to satisfy herself—to please her public and to look after the company, "her children."

Surroundings and circumstances were mere influences in perfecting her genius or detracting from it. So much so that it may be said that she lived not only by the stage, but for the stage. Nothing was allowed to prevail against her passion for "creation." When she was studying a part, she became the creature of the words and the ways of the character she was to interpret. She would brook no interference when she was in the theatre, and it was sacrilege to disturb her so long as she was not herself but the author's. As Francisque Sarcey wrote: "To the science of technique that she has acquired, and which she uses with astonishing mastery, this rare woman joins a force that belongs only to the *élite*: the faculty of living the part at the time she plays it, to feel the emotions, the passions of the character that she represents, and to forget, if one can say so, herself while impersonating another. . . . It is only impartial to add that this phenomenon is not produced at every



AT THE AGE OF FORTY-FIVE: ELEONORA DUSE, THE GREAT ITALIAN TRAGEDIENNE.

Illustrations Reproduced from "Eleonora Duse," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson.

* "Eleonora Duse: The Story of Her Life." By Jeanne Bordeaux. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co.; 21s.)

COVENT GARDEN SHOWS ITS RELICS: A UNIQUE OPERATIC COLLECTION.



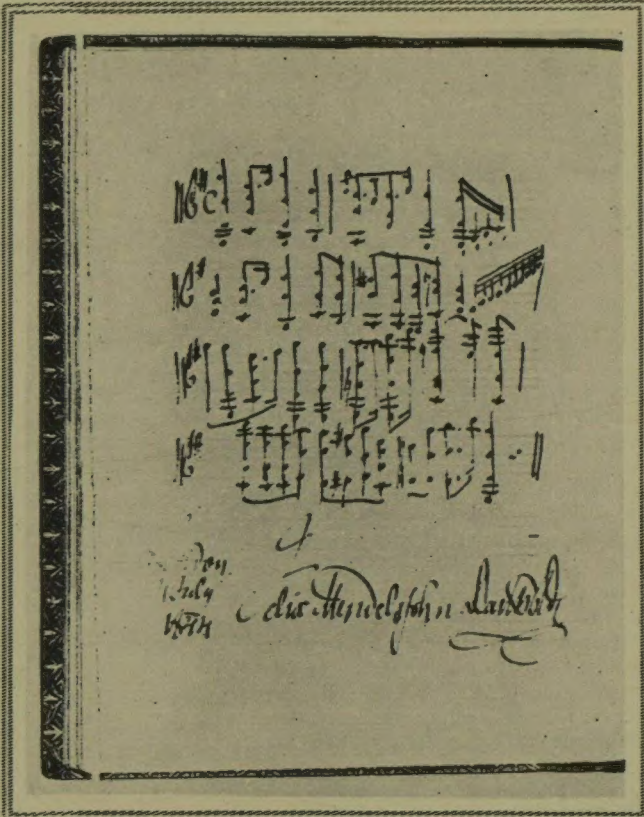
INCLUDING ONE (TOP CENTRE) BEARING A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND: OLD ADMISSION CHECKS TO THE OPERA HOUSE OF 1762 AND ONE OF 1809 (TOP LEFT).



BEARING THE NAMES (L. TO R., FROM TOP) OF THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND, LIEUT.-COLONEL A. W. MEYRICK, PRINCE ESTERHAZY, CHARLES DICKENS, AND SIR G. WOMBWELL: OLD ADMISSION "IVORIES" FOR SEASON-TICKET HOLDERS.



BEATING A GRIDIRON WITH A SPOON: A WOODEN CARICATURE OF WAGNER MADE IN PARIS IN 1861 AFTER THE PRODUCTION OF "TANNHÄUSER."



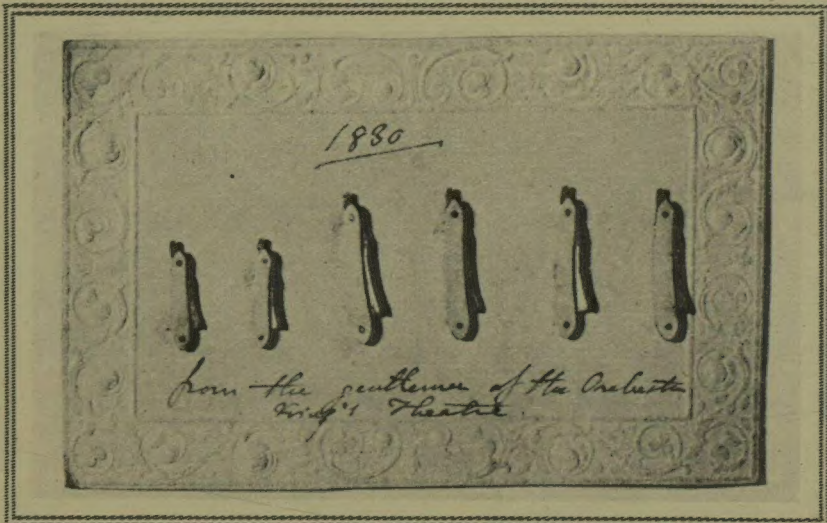
SIGNED "F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY": AN AUTOGRAPH PAGE OF MENDELSSOHN'S MANUSCRIPT, FROM GIULIA GRISI'S ALBUM.



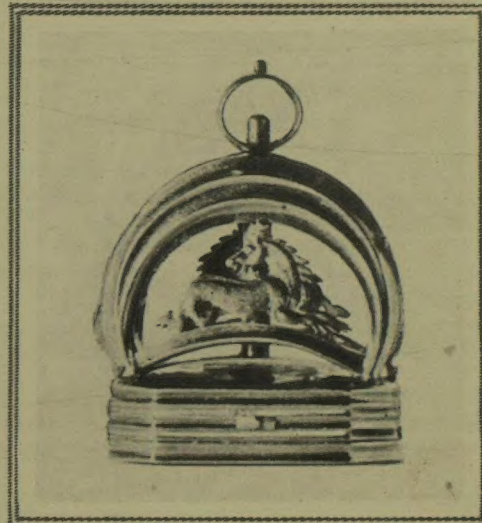
FIRST PRIMA DONNA IN ITALIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: FANNY PERSIANI, FOR WHOM DONIZETTI COMPOSED "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."



USED FOR ADMISSION TO THE PRINCE REGENT'S BOX, 1815 TO 1820: A ROYAL BADGE IN SILVER-GILT.



PRESENTED AS A JOKE TO SIR MICHAEL COSTA (1810-84) WHEN, AS A BEARDLESS YOUNG MAN, HE BECAME ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR OF ITALIAN OPERA IN 1830: A SET OF MINIATURE RAZORS.



CONTAINING A MINIATURE CHIME (WOUND UP BY THE TOP RING): DONIZETTI'S GOLD FOB SEAL (1 BY 1½ IN.), FOUND IN NAPLES.

Mr. Richard Northcott, the archivist of Covent Garden Theatre, has arranged a remarkably interesting collection of operatic relics and souvenirs of famous singers, composers, and conductors, in the form of letters, manuscripts, and personal belongings. Most of the exhibits are to be shown in the foyer, and some are already in position; while along the corridors pictures and prints (of which there are 400) are being hung, and at the side of the theatre facing Floral Street a room has been set apart as a dramatic library. Both the exhibition of relics and the library will be open to the public every day. The collection is said to form the only museum of its kind in the country, and abroad there are only

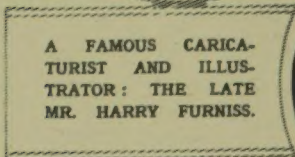
two others of a similar character, those at the Opéra in Paris, and at La Scala in Milan. We illustrate some of the most interesting items. Among others may be mentioned a programme of a musical performance at Buckingham Palace in 1840, in which both Queen Victoria and Prince Albert took part, and a letter of 1867 written from Marlborough House saying: "The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) wants to go to the Opera to-night quietly . . . and does not want to ask for the Queen's box. So he told me to ask you if he could have a small private box, or if you would let him and the Duke go into your box sans cérémonie."—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES."]

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS: A PAGE FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, PRESS PORTRAIT BUREAU, RUSSELL, C.N., TOPICAL, HAYLES (CAMBRIDGE), AGENCIA GRAFICA (MADRID), AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



PROPRIETOR AND EX-EDITOR, THE "TIMES OF INDIA": THE LATE SIR T. J. BENNETT.



A FAMOUS CARICATURIST AND ILLUSTRATOR: THE LATE MR. HARRY FURNISS.

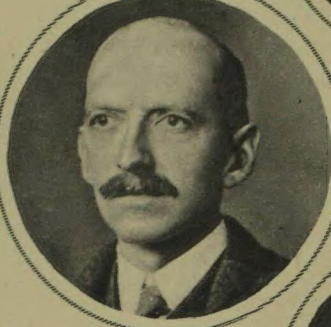


A PHILOSOPHER EMINENT IN METAPHYSICS: THE LATE DR. JOHN MCTAGGART.



THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETER WHO MADE 201 NOT OUT AGAINST ENGLAND IN THE THIRD TEST MATCH: MR. J. S. RYDER.

APPOINTED POLO MANAGER AT RANELAGH: MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN VAUGHAN.



NEW PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AT CAMBRIDGE: MR. C. T. R. WILSON, F.R.S.

BISHOP OF SALFORD (R.C.) AND AN ORIENTAL SCHOLAR: THE LATE DR. CASARELLI.



PRESIDING AT A MEET OF FOXHOUNDS ON THE ROYAL ESTATE: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN (CENTRE) WITH HER DAUGHTERS, PRINCESSES BEATRIZ (RIGHT) AND MARIA CHRISTINA.



THE U.S. CABINET: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW—PRESIDENT COOLIDGE AND MESSRS. MELLON, STONE (ATTORNEY-GENERAL), WILBUR, GORE, AND DAVIS; FRONT ROW—MESSRS. C. E. HUGHES (RETIRING SECRETARY OF STATE), WEEKS, NEW (POSTMASTER-GENERAL), WORK, AND HOOVER.



BEATEN BY ENGLAND: THE WELSH "RUGGER" TEAM—(L. TO R.) STANDING (OMITTING LINESMAN): W. I. JONES, S. MORRIS, I. RICHARDS, B. PHILLIPS, C. PUGH, C. WILLIAMS; SEATED: C. THOMAS, J. GORE, W. P. JAMES, T. JOHNSON (CAPT.), EVAN WILLIAMS, R. A. CORNISH, D. PARKER; ON GROUND: W. J. HOPKINS, W. J. DELAHAY.



VICTORIOUS OVER WALES: THE ENGLISH TEAM—(L. TO R.) STANDING: H. G. PERITON, H. J. KITTERMASER, R. ARMSTRONG, E. J. MASSEY, R. H. HAMILTON-WICKES, J. S. TUCKER, J. C. GIBBS, H. M. LOCKE; SEATED: W. G. E. LUDINGTON, A. F. BLAKISTON, A. T. VOYCE, W. W. WAKEFIELD (CAPT.), L. J. CORBETT, J. BROUGH, R. COVE-SMITH.

Sir Thomas J. Bennett, as chief proprietor and for many years editor of the "Times of India," rendered great public services there. He returned in 1901 and was M.P. (U.) for Sevenoaks, 1918-1923.—Mr. Harry Furniss, besides his famous caricature work, did much serious illustration and was a popular lecturer.—Dr. John McTaggart, a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, was eminent as a metaphysical philosopher, and author of well-known works.—Mr. J. S. Ryder's 201 at Adelaide equalled Mr. S. E. Gregory's score at Sydney in 1894, and he was, moreover, not out. It is the second highest score ever made in a Test match for Australia against England. The highest was the late Mr. W. L. Murdoch's 211 at the Oval in 1884.—As polo manager at the Ranelagh Club, General Vaughan will be assisted by Captain G. V. Scott Douglas.—Mr. C. T. R. Wilson,

who succeeds to the late Sir James Dewar's chair at Cambridge, has been University Reader in Electrical Meteorology.—Dr. Louis Charles Casarelli was Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford for over twenty years.—The Queen of Spain recently invited members of the nobility to a fox-hunt on the royal estate near Madrid, and rode to hounds herself with her two daughters, Princesses Beatriz (the elder) and Maria Christina. Her Majesty has also four sons.—Of the members of the United States Cabinet shown above, Mr. C. E. Hughes recently resigned his post as Secretary of State, and Mr. Harlan F. Stone, Attorney-General, was lately appointed to the Supreme Court. Mr. Harry S. New is the U.S. Postmaster-General.—England beat Wales at "Rugger" at Twickenham on January 17 by 1 penalty goal and 3 tries (12 points) to 2 tries (6 points).

NAVAL PROBABILITIES OF THE FUTURE—UNDER THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "BRASSEY'S NAVAL AND SHIPPING ANNUAL" (1923), PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LTD.



1. WHAT THE NEW "NELSON" AND "RODNEY" WILL PROBABLY BE LIKE: A DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE SIR GEORGE THURSTON'S FORECAST OF THE BATTLE-SHIP OF THE FUTURE POSSESSING "MAXIMUM OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE POWER"—A "WASHINGTON CONFERENCE" TYPE OF CAPITAL SHIP, IN WHICH GUN-POWER PREDOMINATES.

UNDER the Washington Treaty, which limited displacement to 35,000 tons and gun calibre to 16 inches, Great Britain was authorised to build two new battle-ships, of post-Jutland design, in order to redress the disadvantage due to the fact that the British 15-inch gun ships of the "Royal Sovereign" class had been out-classed by the 16-inch-gun ships of the American and Japanese Navies. The two new British battle-ships, the "Nelson" and the "Rodney," were laid down in December 1922, the former by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and

[Continued opposite.



2. AN ADVANCE IN ARMAMENT AND SPEED ON THE USUAL "CRUISER" TYPE: A DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE SIR GEORGE THURSTON'S DESIGN FOR A LIGHT CRUISER "MEETING ALL THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE."

[Continued.]

Co., and the latter by Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Co. The only official details of their design hitherto published were given in reply to a question in Parliament last July, stating that their length at the water-line would be 702 ft., the extreme beam, 102 ft., and the mean draught, 30 ft. These dimensions indicated that they would be much longer, broader, and deeper than any previous British battle-ships. Some further particulars regarding them are reported to have been recently submitted to a naval sub-committee of Congress by the Director of Naval

[Continued below.



3. "FITTED AS A CARRIER FOR AIRCRAFT," WITH "MAXIMUM VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL PROTECTION" (AGAINST BOMBS), AND CARRYING THREE 16-INCH GUNS TRIPLE-MOUNTED: A DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE SIR GEORGE THURSTON'S DESIGN FOR A FAST EXPERIMENTAL BATTLE-SHIP.

[Continued.]

Intelligence in the United States Navy, Captain H. H. Hough. On this authority it is stated that their armament will include nine 16-inch guns mounted forward in three triple turrets, and a secondary battery of 12 or 16 6-inch guns. The triple turret is new to British practice. According to the same account, the ships will have a gun range of over 30,000 yards—a point much discussed in the recent naval controversy in the United States, where it was contended that such a range (far greater than that of American battle-ships) could be obtained by flooding the "blisters" (anti-torpedo bulges) in the latest British ships. If the above information is correct, the "Nelson" and "Rodney" will be the most powerfully armed battle-ships in the world, for no ship has hitherto had more than 8 16-inch guns. A description of the Washington Conference type of future

battle-ship, contributed to "Brassey's Naval Annual" (1923) by Sir George Thurston, the well-known war-ship constructor, approximates closely to the above-quoted official information regarding dimensions, and is probably near the mark in other respects. Tabulating a "design where gun-power predominates," providing "maximum offensive and defensive powers involving sacrifice in the speed factor" (as here illustrated in the drawing at the top), he gave the following details: "Length, 700 ft.; breadth, 104 ft.; draught, 28 ft. 6 in.; displacement (Conference), 35,000 tons; S.H.P., 55,000; speed in knots, 24; primary armament, nine 16-inch '45 calibre guns, triple-mounted; secondary armament, twelve 5.5 in. or 6-in. guns, and the usual anti-aircraft guns, etc.; armour on sides and decks, 15 in., 14 in., 13 in., 7 in., 5 in.; armour on gun positions, 16 in. to 10 in."

FROM PISINDON, ABROTONON, AND SABRATA: DISCOVERIES IN TRIPOLI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ITALIAN COLONIAL MINISTRY, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



ONCE CROWNED WITH AN ORNAMENTAL CONE: A TYPICAL PHŒNICIAN TOMB EXCAVATED IN THE DESERT REGION OF BU KEMMASH (THE ANCIENT PISINDON) IN TRIPOLITANIA.



IMPOSING ROMAN REMAINS ON THE SITE OF A PHŒNICIAN CITY: A CORRIDOR OF THE AMPHITHEATRE AT SABRATA (MODERN ZUAGHA) ON THE COAST OF TRIPOLITANIA.



SHOWING THE LATIN INSCRIPTION: A CHRISTIAN TOMB CONSTRUCTED OF GYPSUM AND MASONRY, FOUND AT AIN ZARA (THE ANCIENT ABROTONON) NEAR TRIPOLI.



STILL WHERE IT WAS FOUND, IN THE GREAT ROMAN THERMÆ (BATHS) OF LEPTIS MAGNA (MODERN LEBDA): A HEADLESS STATUE OF ÆSCULAPIUS, WITH FINE DRAPERY.

Our issue of January 10 contained an article by Professor Federico Halbherr, with three other pages of photographs, describing and illustrating the remarkable discoveries recently made by Italian archæologists in Tripolitania, chiefly at Lebda—the modern name of the ancient Roman city of Leptis Magna—as well as at other sites in the locality on the north African coast. Here we are able to illustrate, on the same authority, a number of further discoveries in that region, not only at Leptis Magna, but also at Pisindon (modern Bu Kemmash),

Abrotonon (modern Ain Zara), and the old Phœnician town of Sabrata (modern Zuagha). "Leptis Magna," writes Professor Halbherr, "was the leading city of the ancient Tripolitania, the other two being Ocea, the present Tripoli, and Sabrata. Founded by the Sidonians, it grew, in progress of time, to such importance and extent as to occupy about four miles in circuit. The city was almost entirely rebuilt after the Roman conquest, and especially in imperial times by Septimius Severus, who was a native of Leptis. Amongst the most costly buildings of

(Continued opposite.)

THE LATEST ART DISCOVERIES AT LEPTIS MAGNA: APOLLO STATUES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ITALIAN COLONIAL MINISTRY, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



APOLLO AS THE GOD OF PROPHECY: A BEAUTIFUL MARBLE STATUE (UNFORTUNATELY HEADLESS) OF THE PYTHIAN APOLLO, LEANING ON THE DELPHIC TRIPOD, FOUND IN THE GREAT ROMAN THERMÆ AT LEPTIS MAGNA (MODERN LEBDA) IN TRIPOLITANIA.



APOLLO AS THE GOD OF MUSIC: ANOTHER REMARKABLY FINE STATUE (WITH HEAD INTACT) OF THE APOLLO CITHAREDUS (THE LYRE-PLAYER), HOLDING A LYRE IN HIS LEFT HAND, LYING PRONE AS IT WAS FOUND IN THE THERMÆ OF LEPTIS MAGNA.

Continued.]

this period are the palace of the Emperor himself, his shrine, the great Thermæ (or Public Baths), the Aqueducts, the Circus, and the Amphitheatre. The excavations began in the Thermæ, and the first part unearched was the vast *calidarium*, or hall for hot baths. Near it the *frigidarium* (hall for cold baths) was found, almost perfectly preserved. But the most imposing feature of this huge edifice, all built with enormous squared blocks of local stone, is its colossal walls and arcades." In the Thermæ were unearched the two beautiful statues

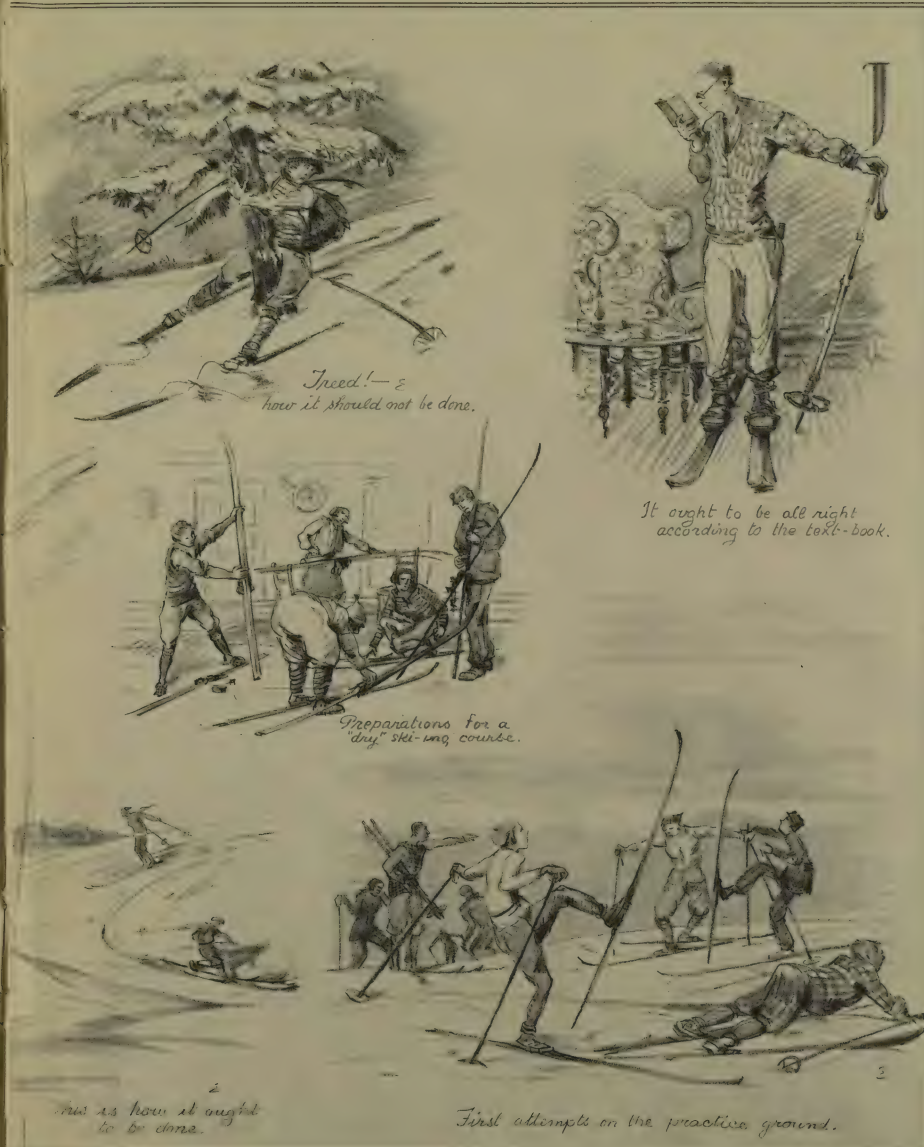
of Apollo, and that of Æsculapius, here illustrated. As the god of prophecy, Apollo had the epithet Pythian, from Pytho, the ancient name of Delphi, where was his famous oracle. When it was consulted, the priestess sat on a tripod in the temple over an opening in the earth, from which arose vapours believed to convey Apollo's utterances. As the god of song and music, Apollo was known as *Musagetes*, or leader of the choir of Muses, and in Homer's "Iliad" he plays to the other gods.

HUMOURS OF WINTER SPORT: VICISSITUDES OF

DRAWINGS BY

THE SKI NOVICE IN HIS "SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS."

HERMANN EBERS.



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEORY AND PRACTICE!—THE BOOK-PERFECT BEGINNER, WITH

Perfection in ski-ing, like the building of Rome, can hardly be accomplished in a day, and the most diligent study of theory will not avail to give the novice his "ski legs." Practice under a competent instructor is the thing, and the pupil will be wise to persevere, for on ski—the "seven-league boots" of winter sport—he can win the freedom of the Alps, and roam at will in a fairland of snow. The following note, written to accompany the above sketches, describes the adventures of a beginner. "First he studied the text-book, and then took advice as to what skis, shoes, clothes and cap he should obtain. After a further plunge into the technicalities of the text-book, he emerged full of theoretical wisdom, and it seemed that there could be no difficulties for him in the art of ski-ing, and that if he also took a course of 'dry' ski-ing, well, then, nothing could go wrong. Our young friend then eagerly awaited a fall of snow, that he might put his knowledge to the test, and, when it came, hastened to the nearest mountains. He has his skis fixed on, and starts off with his

"DRY" EXPERIENCE, HAS MANY TRIALS BEFORE ACQUIRING HIS "SKI LEGS" ON THE SNOW

guide. He remembers that he must keep his skis parallel, but he cannot maintain this for long, and very soon he has a tumble. With difficulty he rises and staggers up the mountain side, feeling more and more tired, and another fall in the soft snow seems a delightful rest. But he is helped to his feet, and must continue to wend his weary way upwards. His one longing is for an inn, which is reached at last after he has struggled for five hours. At the inn his skis are attended to, and, after a rest that is all too short for him, he has to start again. This time he must try to compete with other skiers. After all that he has learnt about it from his text-book, it should be no difficult matter. The instructor explains how things should and should not be done, and then begins a somewhat tedious time, but gradually the novice gets his balance, and by the second day he realises that mere theoretical knowledge is not everything, and, once having mastered this fact, he begins to make slow progress, and actually learns to enjoy ski-ing."—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE topical or journalistic idea enters so largely nowadays into publishing that any compendium of book-lists might very well bear the title "Enquire Within upon Everything." The newspaper reader of the more serious sort (if he still exists in these hurrying times) may give his elbow-companion the Encyclopædia a miss, and turn instead to the current books at his circulating library. There he is sure of something on all questions of public interest, and such a course has this advantage over the standard work of reference, that the information is more recent; for even the best of encyclopædias (I do not name it, although I have my own opinion, which, if patriotic, may not be the obvious one) is now of "a certain age."

Looking through the lists of the later months of 1924 and those (as far as they have come to hand) of this New Year of Grace, I note quite a crowd of works to prove my point. No matter what question may be sharpening the quills of correspondents to the daily Press, here is something germane to the matter. If, for example, you are for the moment seeking further information on the state of affairs in Italy, you will find them reflected in Signor Ivanhoe Bonomi's "FROM SOCIALISM TO FASCISM," translated by John Murray (Martin Hopkinson; 7s. 6d.). It is a book for the political philosopher, and has little in common with those picturesque accounts of Mussolini's struggles which made excellent sensational reading, but were not altogether likely to promote calm judgment. Signor Bonomi is for the moment the under-dog in Italian politics, but he writes with a marvellous detachment. He believes that in the long run coercion will work its own undoing.

Another question of the hour finds indirect illustration and comment in "THE VAST SOUDAN," by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore (Arrowsmith; 21s.), a book that is primarily the record of a film-photographer's trip, but is at the same time full of interesting observation in the text. It is a work that will bring home to the imperfectly informed (a majority to which we all belong outside of our own little piece of special knowledge) many points that ought to be remembered. Quite recently an anonymous journalist remarked that one of the chief errors British people fall into on this subject is to suppose that the Soudan is part of Egypt, and that it is a homogeneous country with a distinct nationality. Major Dugmore leaves his reader in no doubt as to the variety and mixture of the races inhabiting this huge territory. His descriptions and pictures of man and beast and landscape persuade the easy-chair traveller that he has actually accompanied the author, and if the reader be tempted, as he may well be, to make the tour for himself, Major Dugmore provides him with excellent practical hints as to the conditions of travel and sport in the Soudan. He gives also interesting notes on the cotton industry, which, by the way, is another topic that has just risen once more into prominence in the newspaper.

The topical note is sounded again in books that range over both hemispheres. The vexed questions of post-war Europe find their echo in Stephen Count Burian's "AUSTRIA IN DISSOLUTION" (Benn; 25s.), the vivid story of an eye-witness to the collapse of the Dual Monarchy, and the consequences of that *débâcle*; and, going further afield to a scene of even greater confusion, we have Ferdinand Ossendowski's "THE SHADOW OF THE GLOOMY EAST" (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.). Ossendowski is now secure of a hearing, whatever his subject, and his new book should rival its forerunners in interest and popularity. The author of "Beasts, Men and Gods," has won himself a very warm place in the regard of English readers. Ranging now to the other side of the world, you will find excellent entertainment and instruction in "MEXICO IN REVOLUTION," by Charlotte Cameron (Seeley, Service; 21s.), a book to be commended to all who are interested in the troubles of Central America, with its kaleidoscopic political situations. Those who remember Mrs. Cameron's "Wanderings in South-Eastern Seas," which appeared about a twelvemonth ago, will make haste to read this lively writer's Mexican study. Mrs. Cameron is probably the furthest-travelled among living women. In her visits to the countries described in her last volume she had traversed at least one hundred and seventy thousand miles.

At a moment when popular leaders and reformers of all nationalities are so much in the public eye, it is timely to see a new biography of the greatest of English pioneer Tory democrats. "THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBETT," by G. D. H. Cole (Collins; 18s.), is an enlargement from a single chapter left by the late Mr. F. E. Green, who began the book with an account of Cobbett's "Rural Rides," and of English agriculture a hundred years ago. Mr. Cole is best known as an economist, but he has also tried his hand, in "The Brooklyn Murders," at detective and mystery fiction. He is thoroughly qualified to write a life of Cobbett, and has made a capital book, that is certain to arouse the interest of a very wide circle of readers. Incidentally, and of its very nature, the biography is a contribution towards that complete history of journalism which will never be written because the subject is too vast.

Not only the serious questions of the hour, but the lighter recreations of the people find their apposite reference in the Books of the Day. The bridge-player may be

reminded to look at these useful handbooks: "AUCTION BRIDGE WITHOUT TEARS," by S. Hodson and J. Kendrick (Jarrolds; 3s. 6d.); "THE BRIDGE MIND," by Brig.-General C. A. Sykes (Methuen; 3s. 6d.); and "MIDWOOD ON AUCTION BRIDGE" (Hutchinson; 1s. 6d.). Those who are still among the peaks and the great silences (now rather noisy) should make a point of seeing "SKI-RUNNING," by Dame Katherine Furse (Longmans; 4s.); and, by way of comic relief, D'Egville's "S'NO FUN" (Jarrolds; 6s.). Still in the province of amusement, I may perhaps allude to something lighter still, the all-absorbing craze of the moment, which has produced its inevitable offspring in books.

I am old enough to remember a good many puzzle-crazes that swept the country. There was the spelling-bee, American in its origin, and extremely social in its method, if at times productive of sad heart-burnings. I wondered not long ago whether any intimate record of those contests, save the records buried in the piles of newspapers, had been preserved; and, a day or two later, such is the force of serendipity, I had lighted on what I wished to see (but had not searched for) in the memoirs of an excellent old Scottish journalist, the late Mr. William Carnie, of Aberdeen. His account deserves to be regarded as the *locus classicus* of an ancient popular folly. After



THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN: MR. ALANSON BIGELOW HOUGHTON.

Mr. A. B. Houghton, who is to succeed Mr. F. B. Kellogg (recently appointed U.S. Secretary of State) at the United States Embassy in London, has since 1921 been the American Ambassador in Berlin, where he has distinguished himself during a difficult period. He first entered Congress in 1919, and was re-elected later. By profession he is a glass-manufacturer, the head of a successful business founded by his grandfather at Corning, New York. As a young man he had literary ambitions, and at Harvard edited a student magazine and wrote verse. Afterwards he studied at Göttingen, Berlin, and Paris. All his work has a scholarly touch, and he is likely to maintain the traditions of the Embassy in this respect. He is now sixty-one, and is a married man with four children.—*Sport and General.*

the spelling-bee came the "Fifteen Puzzle," and, a good many years later, something of the same kind, but more fortuitous, "Pigs in Clover." There have been others of less note, but none that were so obvious in action to the naked eye as these until the Cross-word burst upon us like a tornado. In the railway-carriage, the bus, the office, at the street corner, *tout le monde* is utterly given over to cross-words. At the club the hall-porter and his minions have to tear their concentrated minds out of the maze before they can hand you your letters—a situation likely at times to cause a double cross of cross words. The dictionary has become a travelling companion, and that excellent and fascinating abridgment, "THE POCKET OXFORD DICTIONARY" (Clarendon Press; 3s. 6d. net; India paper, 6s. net), has appeared in the very nick of time. Lately in the train I heard a fair damsel sigh because she had not brought her lexicon, and the problem in the evening paper had presented her with a stumper of a "clue." It was (will it be believed, for she was quite evidently an educated girl, hailing from a very intellectual community?)—it was the word "beatified." She must have known it perfectly, but she could neither pronounce it nor guess at its meaning: finally she said she had "never seen such

a word." To this point of obfuscation doth puzzledom reduce the best of us!

Being a prig and a pedant, I vowed that Cross-words would never catch me. But one recent foggy evening the journey home grew tedious; the rest of the paper had been read; there remained only the puzzle. I looked and fell. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*—as ever, in the matter of head-losing. The rest ought to be silence. But confession hath its virtues and its charms. Let me admit that one good shot led to another, and so on. The game can provide rare sport; all the better if you have a fairly good stock of synonyms at command. The thing grew; parts of it completed themselves, and at times you needed to look at the "clue" only to verify certain words that had come into being automatically. Perhaps it is a dissipation, to be indulged in sparingly, but never again can I take the superior attitude towards my fellow victims. Like the temperance lecturer in "A Bad Boy's Diary," "I know how it is myself." Let us regard it, then, as a new branch of science, and consult the latest learned treatise on the subject—to wit, "THE SECOND CROSS-WORD PUZZLE-BOOK" (Hodder and Stoughton; 3s. 6d.).

It is time, however, to call a truce to these frivolities, and return to books of more serious consideration. Nothing but the passing madness of the moment could justify this digression into a class of publication that falls of necessity into the category of *biblia a-biblia*. Still, it may not be altogether amiss to reflect, even in this minor particular, the temper of the times. After all, this page is of its essence journalism, a thing of a day, of the instant day, and pretends to be no more.

It may be part of that childishness in which even grown-up men and women sometimes take refuge that the fairy-story of late years—say the last quarter of a century—has at times taken a form not at all suitable for children. Nor are these tales addressed to the young. Certain current fantasies—genuine stories of sub-natural beings—have been written for the amusement and the instruction of the mature mind alone. No child of my acquaintance could—or, for that matter, should—read "MR. GODLEY BESIDE HIMSELF," by Gerald Bullett (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), but grave elders will find it very palatable and even profitable. It is technically so well done that I make no excuse for enlarging here the single line of commendation given to the book on this page a week or two ago. It must be a moral book, for it exhibits that spectacle most pleasing to the gods, a good man, or a passably good man, struggling with adversity—in Fairyland. Perhaps Mr. Godley's motive for visiting the domain of Oberon, Titania, and Puck (or their heirs and assigns) was not fundamentally virtuous; but he meets with poetical justice of a most entertaining and edifying sort. It will not do to give away the upshot, and reveal how the Fairy Godelik carried on, or failed to carry on, Mr. Godley's business. I merely invite those of my readers who are of the age that permits them legally to purchase intoxicants to obtain the book. They will not, I think, consider that it wastes their time or intellectual energy.

From the modern variant of the fairy-story you may turn to the earliest traditional form in a work which, although most entertaining in its text, has been issued with serious scholarly purpose, and is, in its commentary, a monument of learning. The first part of this notable publication has already received extended notice here, and I now welcome with delight the appearance of the second volume of "THE OCEAN OF STORY" (Sawyer; 42s.), that wonderful collection of Indian tales. Readers will recall that the book embodies Tawney's translation of Somadeva's "Katha Sarit Sagara," with introduction and notes by Mr. N. M. Penzer. The work, which is privately printed for subscribers only, will run to ten volumes. These stories are of the utmost value to the anthropologist and the folk-lorist, but the non-scientific reader cannot fail to find them fascinating, and will trace in them the sources of many of the most famous and familiar Oriental tales. Among the appendices to the continuation is a remarkable note on Umbrellas, a subject much older than Jonas Hanway. Sir George Grierson contributes a Foreword to this second volume, which for quaint adventure and curious lore fully maintains the interest of its forerunner.

Modern adaptations of classics are perilous experiments, but one of the latest of these heroic efforts has, all things considered, succeeded tolerably well. Mr. John Cournos was a bold man to seize on Voltaire's "Candide" as a cue for an up-to-date extravaganza embracing pretty nearly the whole range of present-day world turmoil, but he has at least been amusing, if at times (necessarily, considering his model) rather free in his fun. The original characters of the hero, and, of course, Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh, Dr. Pangloss and Mlle. Cunegonde (who did not die of certain accidents), are quite recognisable in the travesty, making due allowances for other times, other manners. Isolated incidents, however, such as Candide's fustigation, are raised to an even ultra-heroic power. The distance for which Mr. Cournos's hero, Peter Pock, in "THE NEW CANDIDE" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), had to run the gauntlet puts him easily among the supermen. This may not be everybody's book, but to people with a nice dry taste in satire it may be recommended as rewarding pastime.

WON BY AN OXFORD RUNNING "BLUE": A SKI RACE IN THE ALPS.

DRAWN BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK.



DESCENDING A STEEP SLOPE ON VERY FAST SNOW: COMPETITORS IN THE SKI RACE FOR THE ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR CUP, RECENTLY RUN AT MÜRREN, IN SWITZERLAND.

The race for the Roberts of Kandahar Challenge Cup for ski-ing took place at Mürren, in perfect weather and over very fast snow, on January 13. There was a large number of entries, including three members of the British team (of which a photograph appeared in our issue of January 17) that recently met the Swiss Universities, and Mr. Waghorn, who was second in last year's Army, Navy, and Air Force Cup, and the winner of the Bemersyde Cup. Mr. D'Egville arranged the course, which included the steep slope at the head of the Blumenthal

Straight. The race was won by Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh, the Oxford running Blue, who had also carried off the cup in 1923. Taking the lead early in the race, he won easily in excellent style, finishing one and a-half minutes in front of Viscount Knebworth, the holder of the cup. The third place was taken by Mr. J. A. Joannides, and the fourth by Mr. B. Russell. Mr. Mackintosh captained the British team against the Swiss Universities, and Lord Knebworth and Mr. Joannides were also included in it.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE CHEMICAL WAR.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

IN the *Revue Scientifique* of April 11, 1891, M. A. Poisson published the translation of a little treatise on pyrotechnics, called "The Book of Fires," which was written by a certain Marcus Græcus, probably in the ninth century, and of which two manuscripts are preserved in the National Library in Paris. As far as I know, it is the most ancient treatise on what is called to-day "chemical war." It teaches how to manufacture and employ in war a large number of easily inflammable materials, gunpowder among others. Marcus Græcus's book proves to us that gunpowder was already known as an incendiary, though not as an explosive substance, in the ninth century. The thirty-second recipe in "The Book of Fires" says that by mixing saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, and wrapping the composition thus obtained in papyrus, it is possible to produce "flying fire"—that is to say, rockets.

I had read this curious little book, long ago, in the "General History of the Navy," by M. A. V. Vecchi, who is our most illustrious naval historian. M. Vecchi had reproduced it and translated the text given by the *Revue Scientifique*. I re-read it a few days ago, after having read the little pamphlet, "War of Toxic Gases," written by a woman, Mme. Gertrude Woker, who is chief of the laboratory for biological chemistry at Berne University, and which is published by the "Women's International League for Peace and Liberty." After having read these two little books and compared the crude mixtures of Marcus Græcus with the toxic gases of recent invention—such, for example, as "blistering Lewisite," which, according to Mme. Woker, is the latest contribution of chemistry to future wars—one might make instructive meditations on Progress. If in barbarous times, with the "flying fire" which was made by mixing saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, the contemporaries of Marcus Græcus were able to set fire to a distant enemy ship, our refined civilisation is promised that it shall see every kind of life destroyed in a few moments, in a town as large as Paris, by two big bombs loaded with Lewisite, dropped from an aeroplane. According to Mme. Woker, even the cellars will afford no protection, for this diabolical gas is heavy, and falls to the level of the ground, penetrates into its depths, and, following the underground conduits, poisons the water, and even destroys vegetable life.

I do not know what the contemporaries of Marcus Græcus would have thought of such an invention. There is, on the contrary, no doubt that, while a shudder of horror may sometimes run through us at the thought of such inventions, the present generation will never be moved by them to get a more profound grasp of the great question of progress. With rare exceptions, it contents itself with a very simple line of argument. If everything progresses, why then should not armaments progress also? When it was first suggested in Europe to utilise the explosive force of "flying fire," which had already been known to Marcus Græcus, everyone protested against the barbarity of the chemical war which was about to begin. Ariosto has a famous invective in his poem against guns and cannons. The world, however, has become used to firearms. It will become accustomed to the new developments of the chemical war, which was begun with the invention of gunpowder and other incendiary compositions by Marcus Græcus. It is with this reasoning that we submit, as passive victims, to what might be called the fatality of progress.

This reasoning, however, is fallacious. The progress of the development of arms cannot be assimilated to that of other instruments which help us to live and work, for it has this speciality, that it annuls itself. When a state improves its armaments, the proportion of the measure of superiority over its adversaries which it obtains is in exact ratio to the extent in which it succeeds in monopolising that improvement. The invention of firearms assured a decisive superiority to Europeans in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, because the peoples of America,

Asia, Africa, and Australia had either not succeeded in manufacturing or using the new arms, or had only succeeded when the Europeans were already firmly established in their country. But in a civilisation where technical and military and industrial progress becomes immediately the common property of all countries, the perfecting of weapons of war is a real labour of Sisyphus. The opponents always find themselves in the same respective situation, the only one that counts in a war. This was clearly to be seen during the World War. Six weeks after one of the belligerent parties had invented a new engine of war, the other side had already copied and sometimes improved on it. The previous effort was thus annulled; it was necessary to begin again and invent something still more powerful and terrible. In Europe and America's present position the effort of perfecting weapons of war can only result in rendering the equilibration of power between the different nations more costly and more arduous. But that is not the most serious drawback to this form of progress. If the respective positions of the belligerents remain the same, the harm which they do each other with their perfected weapons of war increases. Exasperation and hate grow in proportion to the harm done, and the difficulty of making peace is increased by that exasperation and hatred.

The jurists of the eighteenth century—Vattel, for

other legitimate aim than that of peace, and consequently of a more or less cordial reconciliation, we must recognise that the jurists of the eighteenth century had seen aright. The technique of war is bound up in each epoch with the dominant view of moral law. Either that moral law imposes certain fundamental restrictions on war, or war imposes on the moral law all the cruelties which it deems necessary to its success.

That is why the almost unlimited possibility of inventing arms of growing destructive powers evolves a moral problem of which the contemporaries of Marcus Græcus had not even an idea. The modest incendiary fires that could be lit, thanks to the formulæ in the "Book of Fires," did not trouble the Christian conscience in epochs which were continually at death-grips with barbarism within and without. The Christian spirit has for the last three centuries so completely penetrated European society that it has become independent even of religious beliefs. The humanitarianism of the nineteenth century is only laicised Christianity. But could such a profoundly Christian civilisation co-exist with such terrible means of war as are being prepared? And, if this co-existence proved to be impossible, would it be conceivable that, in order to escape from the new barbarism with which it is menaced, this century should forbid the use of certain weapons

which are too cruel? This is the moral problem which the "Book of Fires" did not impose on the contemporaries of Marcus Græcus, but which chemical discoveries set before the conscience of our epoch.

Each epoch likes to declare impossible the things which it does not desire or know how to do. This is the explanation why so many people shrug their shoulders when there is talk of limiting the cruelties or the destructions of war. What I have called in one of my books the "heroic folly of the limitless" is so strong in our civilisation that we are persuaded that we must always and in everything, even in war, proceed to the last extremity.

But it is probable that even in this view we are victims of an illusion. History exists to prove to us that humanity is calumniated when it is declared incapable of limiting the horrors of war. It has resisted in certain epochs; why should it not resist again? The latest experience of this kind is indeed fairly recent. In order to know how one can limit the destruction and fury of war, it is not necessary to go back further than to the religious wars of the sixteenth century.

Those wars were of an extremely cruel nature. The armies at that time respected no law. Without regular pay and without any system of supply, they lived on what they could steal from the country, regardless whether it belonged to friend or enemy. The towns which were not in a

position to defend themselves opened their doors to the strongest side who appeared before them, and submitted to their requisitions of money, food, bread and other provisions, which they were then forced to convey to the enemy's camp so long as they remained in their neighbourhood. When the army moved on, they cut the ripe corn and emptied the granaries; the corn thus commandeered they sent to be ground in the mills nearest to their new encampments, and the bakehouses of the nearest villages were then forced to bake it into bread. Great, however, as was the terror inspired by the armies, the population resisted this pillage as much as they could. Armies on the march were surrounded by hatred and distrust; and these feelings broke out after a defeat. The peasants never failed to massacre the soldiers of a routed army. That is one of the reasons why the armies of those days were usually more numerous in cavalry than infantry. Cavalry could retire more easily and in greater security. This lawless kind of warfare had therefore the great disadvantage of being very dangerous and trying for the soldiers, who not only had to fight their enemies, but also to extort their subsistence from the peasants by means of a daily and strenuous effort. At a time when soldiers were nearly all volunteers, anything that rendered war too arduous and dangerous made the supply of recruits difficult. That was the reason why in the seventeenth century military commanders began to organise a service of army supply, and to forbid the army to draw its

[Continued on page 152.]



WITH "TIN HATS" AND SHIELDS AS A PROTECTION AGAINST STONES: CAIRO POLICE, OF THE SPECIAL GUARD COMPANY, AT "SINGLE-STICK" PRACTICE WITH THEIR LONG TRUNCHEONS.

The Guard Company of the Egyptian Police in Cairo are a body of picked men organised to suppress disturbances, such as anti-British movements or student demonstrations. They are conscripts and live in barracks under military discipline. Their equipment includes tin helmets and shields, to protect them against stones or other missiles, and they are armed with rifles and truncheons. Another photograph of the force appears on a later page.—[Photograph by Topical.]

example—advised monarchs not to employ such means in warfare as would, by their perfidiousness or cruelty, exasperate the belligerents too much, and so make the conclusion of peace more difficult or even impossible. The nineteenth century despised those doctrines of the old jurists in common with their other counsels; but six years have taught us, to our cost, that they were perhaps wiser than we imagined. All the inventions in which the Germans took the initiative during the war, including poison gas, did not avail in assuring decisive superiority to them. But they increased the sufferings and the number of the victims of the conflict, thereby creating that state of exasperation which made and still makes it so difficult to re-establish in Europe an order acceptable to all. How much easier the peace would have been if the war had been a less cruel one!

The chemists who prepare new explosives and gases in their laboratories isolate themselves in a technical study of destruction. Provided they can succeed in solving that problem, they take no interest in the moral consequences of their destructions. But the nations concerned should take these consequences into account. Those poison gases and explosives are designed to destroy, with hostile intent, men and things which it has taken infinite toil to create. In destroying those men and things they will also wound the souls of the survivors. If we do not wish that all wars shall become wars of extermination; if we admit that between civilised nations war has no

THE KING'S GIFT TO THE "ZOO": MOUND-BUILDING MALLEE FOWLS.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. E. LODGE.



A RARE SPECIES RECENTLY SENT FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA TO THE KING AND PRESENTED BY HIS MAJESTY TO THE "ZOO": A PAIR OF MALLEE FOWLS (*LIPOA OCELLATA*), WHICH BUILD A MOUND FOR THEIR EGGS.

The pair of Mallee Fowls sent to the King, through the Governor of South Australia, by Mr. Bellchambers, were bred in his Humbug Scrub wild life sanctuary, near Adelaide, and are now in the Pheasantry at the "Zoo." They belong to the order of Megapodes (big-footed birds), some of which build mounds 18 ft. high, with a circumference of 150 ft., as described by Mr. W. P. Pycraft in our issue of October 4. "This bird," he writes of the Mallee Fowl, "is a mound-builder. Both sexes take part in constructing the mound, which is formed by first digging a hole about 18 in. in diameter, and filling it with dead leaves and grass. Over this a heap of earth and dead grass is raised. The pair then proceed to

scratch a hole in the top, digging down to the bed of leaves. On this an egg is laid and covered up. . . . As each egg is produced, it is deposited in the same hole, until the full clutch of ten is complete, the eggs being separated by belts of sand. Here they are left till they hatch, when the parents collect the chicks as they struggle upwards. . . . Here we have an approach to what obtains in the Egyptian Plover, which also lays its eggs in the sand to be hatched by the heat of the sun." Some Megapodes are not mound-builders, but lay their eggs in the sand of the sea-shore, as in the Solomon Islands. "Mallee" is the name of the Australian scrub where the birds live—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ST. PAUL'S AS WREN NEVER SAW IT: THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AEROFILMS, LTD., LONDON AERODROME, HENDON.



"THE VAST CATHEDRAL" NOW UNDER TREATMENT TO PREVENT A FUTURE CATASTROPHE: ST. PAUL'S AS IT APPEARS TO AN AIRMAN—A TOWERING PILE "IN STREAMING LONDON'S CENTRAL ROAR."

In our last issue we illustrated fully the menace of future disaster to St. Paul's, due partly to the rubble-filled piers supporting the dome proving too weak to sustain its enormous weight, and partly, as some experts believe, to sandy foundations causing a gradual sinkage of the whole mass of the building. Among our illustrations was an unusual photograph of the interior taken from a point far up inside the dome. We now give a still more unusual one of the exterior, taken from a point of view (in the air) from which Sir Christopher Wren could never see his great work. In front of the cathedral may be noted the statue of Queen Anne. In the right foreground is Ludgate Hill, curving upward to the right into

Cannon Street; and just beyond "the golden cross" on top of the dome is Watling Street. The turning shown on the left out of Ludgate Hill is Ave Maria Lane, crossing the end of Paternoster Row at Amen Corner, and continuing into Warwick Lane, where stands Cutlers' Hall. In the angle between Ave Maria Lane and Ludgate Hill is seen Stationers' Hall (extreme foreground). Paternoster Row, to the left of which is Paternoster Square, leads up to the western end of Cheapside (top left), where it connects with Newgate Street (below), the upper end of which is just seen on the extreme left. The church tower to the left of Cheapside is that of St. Vedast, close to Saddlers' Hall at the corner of Foster Lane.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SKY-SCRAPER: ROME TO OUTSOAR NEW YORK?

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY CHESLEY BONESTELL.



COLOSSEUM ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS ST. PETER'S PANtheon SKY-SCRAPER CASTLE OF S. ANGELO ARCH OF CONSTANTINE TEMPLE OF SATURN

MORE THAN TWICE THE HEIGHT OF ST. PETER'S: THE DESIGN FOR A 1100-FT. SKY-SCRAPER IN ROME TO COST £10,000,000, SHOWING ITS TOWER DWARFING THE GREATEST BUILDINGS OF THE CITY GROUPED FOR COMPARISON).

It was reported recently that plans for the largest sky-scraper in the world, to be built in Rome, had been approved by Signor Mussolini, as Premier of Italy, and that the work would be begun as soon as the question of the site had been settled and the financial arrangements completed. The architect's estimate of the cost is a sum not exceeding £10,000,000, and it was stated that the money would be raised by public subscription. The building, which is likely to be erected on ground belonging to the Italian Government, is to consist of 80 storeys, and the great tower will reach a height of 1100 ft. Our drawing shows how far it will outsoar the greatest existing buildings of

Rome, which are grouped here, of course, to show their relative heights, and not in their actual positions. They are all drawn to the same scale. The dome of St. Peter's, designed by Michael Angelo, is variously given as 448 ft. and 435 ft. to the top of the cross. The height of the Colosseum is 157 ft. Of the Pantheon, Baedeker says: "The height and diameter of the dome are equal, being each 142 ft." Trajan's Column, including the pedestal and statue, is 108 ft. high, and the Arch of Septimus Severus, 75 ft. The Castle of S. Angelo was originally (as Hadrian's Tomb) about 165 ft. high, but in its first form was destroyed in 1379.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BIG GAME IN ART: THE KING OF BEASTS SURVEYING HIS DOMINIONS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM KUHNERT IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.



"AN INCIDENT IN THE WILDERNESS": BY WILLIAM KUHNERT—A TYPE OF BIG GAME RECENTLY HUNTED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.

Mr. William Kuhnert is an animal-painter who has specialised, with remarkable success, in the larger wild game of the African bush or the Indian jungle, and his recent exhibition of Big-Game Paintings and Etchings, at the Galleries of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, contained many striking examples of his work. It comprised 52 paintings and 45 etchings, the subjects ranging over a great variety of wild animals and birds. The paintings included lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo, giraffe, and ostriches. Some of these also figured among the etchings, besides those of

bears, monkeys, zebra, lynx, gazelle, antelope, parrots, and cockatoos. Two of the paintings, representing respectively hippopotamus and buffalo in their native haunts, were reproduced in black and white in our issue of November 15 last. The Duke of York, it may be noted, recently shot a lioness during his hunting-trip in East Africa. The majestic dignity of the King of Beasts in the above picture is singularly impressive, and conveys that sense of awe in the presence of nature which is expressed in our Bible by such a phrase as: "The lions, roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SALAX, THE MOLE-RAT, AND OTHER BURROWERS.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

AT a recent meeting of the Zoological Society Mr. Ivor Montagu read a most interesting paper giving the results of his hunt in the neighbourhood of Hódmezovásárhely, Hungary, for that most extraordinary yet little-known creature, Spalax, the Mole-rat. Even in its native haunts in South-Eastern Europe, whence it extends eastwards to Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, and Lower Egypt, it is but seldom seen, and it is to be doubted whether, throughout its whole range, its singular characteristics are even so much as guessed at by the natives.

As the term "Mole-rat" implies, it partakes of the nature of both these animals, yet it is related to neither. The living animal has a curiously flattened head, a hard, horny sheath investing the nose, and enormous front teeth. From each side of the nose there runs backwards, under the vestigial eye, a narrow band of curiously stiff hairs, standing out at right angles to the body, whose function is at present unknown, but it is probably closely related to burrowing. Unlike the mole, the fore-feet show no very apparent evidence of a burrowing life, but this is accounted for by the fact that the teeth are, apparently, almost exclusively used for this purpose.

The tunnels are very like those of the mole, and, like them, are marked at intervals by heaps of earth, thrown up as the tunneling proceeds. Like the mole, again, the fur is reversible—that is to say, it can be brushed either towards the tail or towards the head with equal facility. This is a matter of first-rate importance, since there is no room to turn round in the burrow, and, should the animal need to "reverse," the fur would be rubbed the wrong way and suffer severely in consequence. This reversal is made possible by the fact that the hairs, instead of tapering from base to tip, are thickest in the middle. The vestigial condition of the eyes is a direct response to the needs of burrowing. Exposed, they would be in a constant state of inflammation from the effects of sand falling from the roof of the burrow. Reduced to mere pin-points, and lying under the skin—eyelids having been dispensed with—they are out of harm's way.

The mole is an insectivore, and burrows for the sake of worms and insects. But Spalax is really a rodent, and burrows for the sake of roots and bulbs. In Egypt, we are told, great quantities of the bulbs of asphodels and hyacinths have been found stored up. Hoards of this kind are found in deep borings, terminating in store-chambers as much as four feet below the surface. Similar chambers seem to be used for sleeping-apartments. The tunnels, as a rule, run about

anything else. By the Somali it is known as the "Farumfer." They are quite familiar with its habit of throwing up miniature craters as it burrows its way, the sand thrown out simulating a volcano in active eruption.

The Oriental Bamboo-rats of the genus *Rhizomys*, found also in Eastern Africa, present an interesting link between the highly specialised burrowers just described and more normal rodents, since they are too long in the leg to be called mole-like, and the eyes and ears are less degenerate. The incisor teeth, however, are conspicuously large, and probably assist the feet in burrowing. The largest species attains to a length of nineteen inches, not including the tail. Save that they feed largely on roots and sleep during the day, but little is known of their habits.

Not the least curious feature of these burrowing animals is the variation they present in the matter of their hairy covering. In the common mole and the Spalax we have an abundant fur and the hair reversible. In the Cape Mole-rat the hair is sparse, and in its ally the little *Heterocephalus* the skin is perfectly naked. This cannot be attributed to climatic influences, for the Cape Golden Mole has an abundant coat of fur. More than this, it is interspersed with numerous long hairs which glisten with an extremely beautiful metallic iridescence. What purpose such beauty can serve an animal which passes life in dark, underground tunnels it is difficult to imagine. Save in its coloration this creature is very mole-like in appearance. But the snout is armed with a horny shield. It has no visible eyes or ears, and but the merest stump of a tail. Its digging is performed by two enormous claws on the fore-feet, therein contrasting strongly with the great, flat, widespread hand of the common mole, wherein each finger is armed with a large claw, though these are relatively small compared with the two great triangular claws of the Golden Mole. Both belong to the Order Insectivora, whereas the other types herein discussed are Rodents.

Finally, something must be said of that singular animal, *Notoryctes*, the Pouched Mole of Australia. It is a very rare animal, restricted to the deserts of northern South Australia, lying to the north-east of Lake Eyre. Here it inhabits flats and hills of red sand covered with porcupine grass and acacias. Superficially mole-like, it is seen at once to differ from that animal in having a blunter head and a leathery shield on the nose, as in the Cape Golden Mole, which also it resembles in having but two claws to dig with, and these of relatively enormous size. The hind-foot has five toes, curiously twisted on one another, while the tail is ensheathed in a hard, leathery case. There are no external



THE ONLY NAKED BURROWER: THE LITTLE HETEROCEPHALUS (CALLED BY THE SOMALI THE "FARUMFER") WHICH THROWS UP MINIATURE "VOLCANOES."

"The repulsive-looking little *Heterocephalus* has a perfectly naked skin, which is the more remarkable since no others among burrowing animals have lost their fur. Its near relation, the Cape Mole-rat, seems to be on the way to the same condition."

Photograph by E. J. Manly.



IN EGYPT, KNOWN TO BURROW TUNNELS FORTY YARDS LONG, AND TO HOARD ASPHODEL AND HYACINTH BULBS IN ITS STORE-CHAMBERS: THE MOLE-RAT (SPALAX.)

"The Mole-rat is in no way related to the mole, which is an insectivore. It is related to the rat only in so far as both are rodents."—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

singular animal, *Notoryctes*, the Pouched Mole of Australia. It is a very rare animal, restricted to the deserts of northern South Australia, lying to the north-east of Lake Eyre. Here it inhabits flats and hills of red sand covered with porcupine grass and acacias. Superficially mole-like, it is seen at once to differ from that animal in having a blunter head and a leathery shield on the nose, as in the Cape Golden Mole, which also it resembles in having but two claws to dig with, and these of relatively enormous size. The hind-foot has five toes, curiously twisted on one another, while the tail is ensheathed in a hard, leathery case. There are no external

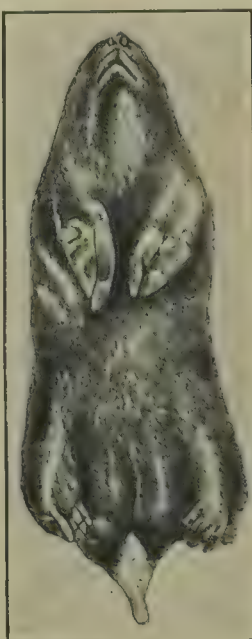


WITH HORNY SNOUT, "ENORMOUS CLAWS," AND "LONG HAIRS WHICH GLISTEN WITH EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL METALLIC IRIDESCENCE": THE CAPE GOLDEN MOLE.

"The Cape Golden-mole is a distant relative of our own familiar species, but it has followed a different line of development in its adaptation to a burrowing life. The strange iridescence of the long hairs of the fur may be an accidental accompaniment of these longer hairs, which may serve some special purpose yet to be discovered."

eighteen inches beneath the surface, and may have a length of as much as forty yards, not counting numerous side branches. A far larger number of animals live in this under-world than most people are aware of. One or two of the more striking examples may well find a place here, for the sake of comparison.

The Cape Mole-rat, *Bathyergus*, is one of these. About the size of a small rabbit, it agrees with Spalax in having extremely reduced eyes; but a vestige of the external ear remains—the merest fringe of skin around the aperture to the internal ear. Unlike Spalax, however, it has but a scanty covering of hair. And this is still further reduced in the little *Heterocephalus* of Abyssinia and Somaliland, wherein the skin is practically naked, no more than a few delicate, sparse hairs remaining, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph. It looks, when alive, more like a tiny, hairless puppy than



SHOWING ITS "RELATIVELY ENORMOUS" CLAWS: THE UNDERSIDE OF THE RARE POUCHE MOLE (NOTORYCTES) OF AUSTRALIA, A MARSUPIAL WITH A PECULIAR METHOD OF BURROWING.

"The rare marsupial mole, *Notoryctes*, might be called a 'land-porpoise,' since it progresses partly beneath the surface and partly in the upper air! Though superficially so like many of the highly specialised higher mammals, it is really a marsupial; that is to say, a member of a group of a much more primitive character."



WITH LESS DEGENERATE EYES, AND LEGS TOO LONG TO BE CALLED MOLE-LIKE: THE BAMBOO-RAT (SOMETIMES 19 IN. IN LENGTH)—A LINK BETWEEN BURROWERS AND RODENTS.

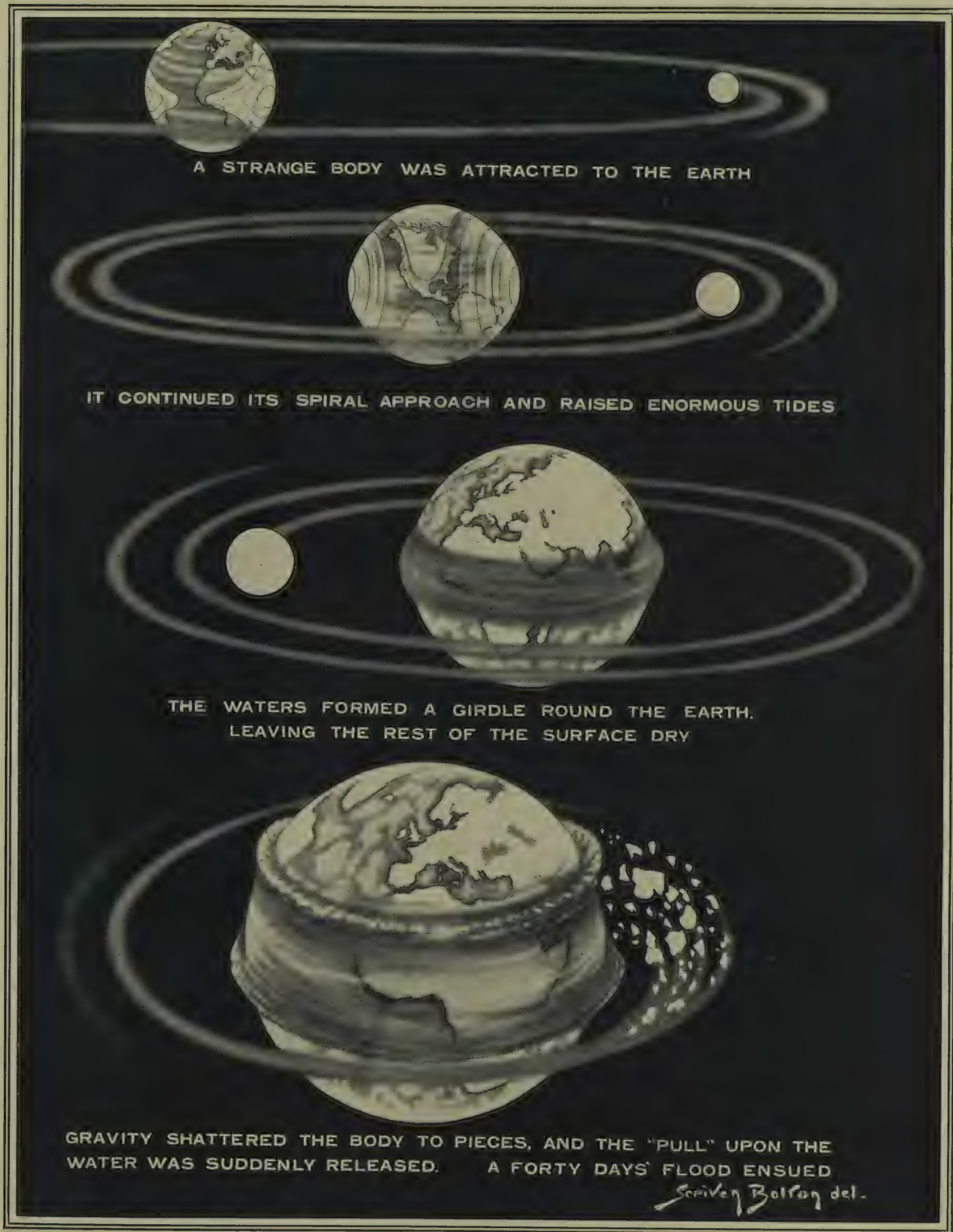
"The Bamboo-rat, of which there are several species, has become less highly specialised to burrowing than the other species described here. This fact, and the accompanying fact that the eyes are less degenerate, seems to show that it started as a burrower later than the others."

ears, and the eyes are but the merest vestiges. No more need be said of its internal anatomy than that its marsupial character is attested by the possession of the typical pouch and marsupial bones.

Its method of burrowing is peculiar. Keeping always within two or three inches of the surface, it will emerge into the open after a progress underground of no more than a few feet, or sometimes many yards, and then, with a peculiar, sinuous motion, it will travel on the surface with its fore-paws doubled under it, and leaving a triple track, the third formed by the tail, which is pressed down hard to the ground. After a yard or two, it will slowly disappear again. Owing, apparently, to these excursions above ground, the fur is of a beautiful golden-yellow colour, harmonising with the sandy soil, and so affording it a measure of protection against discovery by potential enemies.

A NEW THEORY OF THE FLOOD: HOW IT MIGHT REPEAT ITSELF.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A., AFTER AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE BY MAX BALIER, IN "ILLUSTRIRTE ZEITUNG."



THE FLOOD CAUSED BY A TEMPORARY SATELLITE OF THE EARTH? A GERMAN ENGINEER'S HYPOTHESIS.

"A new theory to account for the Flood," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "has been presented by a German engineer, Herr Horgiger, of Munich. This Biblical event is explained as due to a temporary satellite of the earth, a wandering body, which was drawn to our globe by gravitation. The 'pull' exerted upon the oceans was sufficient to bring about the great historical catastrophe. In its spiral approach the new attendant took thousands of years before it fell into the earth. The oceans united to form a complete girdle of water round the Equator, submerging every land in the tropics. Stress of gravity finally became so great that the particles of matter comprising the satellite could no longer hold together, and the body was

shattered to atoms. The 'pull' upon the water was suddenly released. The water rolled back towards the oceans, filling up the ocean-basins, and a forty days' flood was experienced along the north coasts of Africa, Arabia, Persia, Asia, and in the southern half of the United States. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that such a catastrophe may repeat itself. Who can say but that 'Meteor' Crater, near Canyon Diablo, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, as well as the 35½-ton meteorite found in Greenland, and the large mass of celestial rock in the Caspian Sea, are the débris of this or some similar catastrophe?" What has geology to say about this theory?—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE "ALL BLACKS" TO BE SEEN IN RETREAT.



Two players in dark jerseys running on the field.

A group of players in action on the field.

A player in a dark jersey running with the ball.



Three players in action on the field. The player on the left is in a dark jersey, the player in the center is in a dark jersey, and the player on the right is in a dark jersey. They are all running towards the right.

"FAITH-HEALING" IN CHINA'S "WILD WEST."

WEIRD RITES OF EXORCISM IN ABORIGINAL YUNNAN.

Abridged from an Article in the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington), by JOSEPH F. ROCK, Leader of the National Geographic Society's Yunnan Province Expedition.

Editor's Note.—The following section of Mr. Rock's article describes the first part of the exorcistic ceremony. The second part is described in passages particularly relating to the author's photographs on a double-page in this number. These passages have been detached from the context and quoted there in a footnote.

"AMONG deep canyons and on the slopes of hoary ranges reaching heights of 20,000 feet and more, at the western gateway from China into Tibet, lives an aboriginal tribe called Moso by the Chinese. Far removed from the influence of northern and eastern Chinese civilisation, the Moso have lived secluded, shut off from the rest of the world, and only coming into contact with other tribes inferior to themselves, with the possible exception of the Tibetans. While the latter have adopted Buddhism, which with them has degenerated into demonolatry, the Moso, or Nashi, as they call themselves, have adhered to their aboriginal religion of sorcery, which undoubtedly must once have prevailed in Tibet, ere it was crowded out by the powerful Lama church. The Nashi, as we shall henceforth call them, now a dwindling tribe of Tibeto-Burman stock, many centuries ago were a powerful people, under a king who had his capital at Yigku, the present prefectural city of Likiang, in the Chinese province of Yunnan. . . . We may look upon the great snow range in the centre of the Nashi kingdom as the cradle and rallying point of a gradually vanishing tribe. . . . On the slopes and miniature plains—ice lakes in bygone days—are scattered the hamlets of the Nashi, living happily, as if in the Stone Age, for flint and edelweiss as tinder still take the place of matches, and pine-wood torches are used instead of lamps. Purely an agricultural people, the Nashi eke out a precarious existence. They are first definitely mentioned in the annals of the Tang dynasty about 796 A.D., but vague reference is made in the Chinese books of the sixteenth century before our era to a tribe which appeared on the western border of China. . . . Back of the village of Ngulukö there is a huge limestone wall on which, in large Chinese characters, is inscribed the date when the Chinese came to Likiang and the Nashi kingdom, under their native ruler Mu, ceased to exist. The date is given as the second year of the Emperor Yungcheng of the late Manchu dynasty, corresponding to the year 1724 of our era. . . . The Nashi have become an indolent people. This statement is not applicable to the women, however; they do all the work. Opium has found its way among the Nashi, and while they are not such inveterate smokers as the Chinese, the poppy is grown as a source of revenue if the Chinese tax officials leave anything to be enjoyed. At Ngulukö, a charmingly situated, if not overclean Nashi village on the slopes of the mighty Likiang snow range, with Mount Satseto as patron guardian, the National Geographic Society's Yunnan Province Expedition had its headquarters. During two years of personal contact with the Nashi I won their confidence by treating their simple ailments, real and imaginary; for graver disorders they called in their priests, known as Tongpa or Tomba, shamanistic sorcerers, who hold the belief that evil, unclean spirits, who select man or beast as their abode, cause illness of the body. Of the many religious ceremonies among the Nashi which it was my privilege to observe, there was one

of extraordinary interest. It took place on a gloomy July evening. Black clouds had gathered over the Yangtze gorges, and the growl of distant thunder made me hasten my steps over the Likiang plain in order to reach my hamlet before the tempest should break.

"As I lay watching the lightning flashes illuminating the strata of the clouds, there came to my ear the muffled noise of a drum. At first the beats, hollow and weird, as if far away, were slow in following each other, but presently they became quicker and more intense. I inquired the reason for this disturbance and was informed that several Tombas had gathered at a neighbour's house to drive out a devil which had taken possession of the head of the family and had caused him to suffer severely from sore gums and ulceration of the palate. . . . I had neither means nor skill to cure or help him. Since I had failed him, he called the priests together and asked them to rid him of that evil spirit which causes all sickness.

now to be made. A miniature pinewood coffin was placed on the ground at the foot of the altar, while the chief Tomba produced a tiny chick, which he held firmly. Both the Tomba and the sick man knelt down, and the latter bombarded the chick with rice and small peas, some of which were forced down the bird's throat. Finally the chick's wings were besmeared with flour and a quantity forced down its throat till it was suffocated. The death was announced by a Nashi funeral dirge.

"After it had been washed and its feathers had been combed, the bird was gently placed in the little coffin and covered with rice, red paper, and perforated yellow paper to keep it in the world of shadows. Then the lid was ceremoniously placed on top, and the sick man pretended to hammer it down, employing a huge axe. As nails are unknown among the Nashi, grass was used in tying on the lid.

"All now rose, and for ten minutes they chanted the weirdest of funeral dirges, the music being augmented by thunder. Wine offerings were next placed before the coffin, and rice and boiled potatoes placed on top. The sick man, in a kneeling position, now devoured all of the offering. This may be called the first act. . . .

"Once more the poor rooster appears on the scene. His head is dipped in wine, his neck and legs are stretched simultaneously to the rhythm of the most devilish music ever invented. The gyrating, perspiring Tomba, with a final cross-eyed look heavenward, gives one last jerk to the bird's neck, while a weird, long roll of the drum announces that life is extinct.

"The lifeless feathered form is now placed on the altar, the music becomes quicker in tempo, while the officiating priest, who has become almost possessed of the evil one, performs a fanatic dance, rolling his uncanny eyes. . . .

"With his burning pot and flame-dripping fingers he rushes from room to

room, sword in mouth, to every corner of the house, driving out the devil, who may be cowering somewhere in a nook.

"The throng of onlookers now becomes excited and directs attention to this corner and that as not yet purified. Obediently the Tomba rushes with his flaming pot and fire-spouting fingers to the places directed, until finally he sprinkles with fire the circular altar, which is quickly taken up and rushed out of the courtyard and burned amid the popping of fire-crackers.

"The flaming Tomba follows the altar, to the accompaniment of the beating of gongs and drum and iron rings. The women now hastily pick up brooms and sweep out every corner of the courtyard, to be certain that nothing remains, after which the doors are closed, and the sick man is supposed to be relieved of the evil one and consequently of his ailment.

"The ceremony had hardly been finished when the storm broke in earnest, and the whole village was shaken to its very foundation with the terrific peals of thunder, thus concluding all this deviltry with an appropriate climax.

"Early next morning I called for the sick man, who was the chief participant in all this weird ceremony. To my amazement, he showed no signs of ever having had a diseased gum or palate, although the bad tooth remained. Naturally he attributed his cure to the efficient performance of the Tombas, who received as their reward grain, flour, bacon, and the equivalent of two dollars in our currency."



HEALING BY EXORCISM AMONG THE NASHI OF YUNNAN: AN ALTAR SET FOR THE DZU DÜ CEREMONY OF DRIVING OUT A DEVIL OF DISEASE, WITH A TRIPOD (RIGHT) BEARING THE COFFIN OF A CHICKEN SACRIFICED TO THE SPIRITS OF ANCESTORS.

Photograph by Joseph F. Rock. From the "National Geographic Magazine," by Courtesy of the National Geographic Society, Washington.

"The beating of drums was the announcement of the fact that the Tombas had declared war upon the enemy, who was soon to be cornered, evicted, and banished. And this is the way it happened, for I was permitted to watch all the ceremonies and wild dances, if not to see the devil depart in person.

"The stage settings were ideal. The hour was 10 o'clock. The storm drew closer, and with each successive flash of lightning in the east over the Yangtze gorge the thunder rolled louder and louder, re-echoing from the huge limestone walls and crags of ice-crowned Satseto. In a courtyard paved with irregular limestone boulders a circular contrivance resting on bamboo legs had been erected. This altar-like affair was made of cane-brake or small species of bamboo, decorated with braided straw, leaf twigs of a peach tree, and perforated yellow paper. It was about three feet in diameter and stood two feet above the ground. In the straw band sticks were placed in an erect position, while in the centre was a larger branch of peach tree, in the fork of which was placed a gray bowl holding what was, to all appearances, the image of a devil made of dough, enthroned between two burning incense sticks.

"Close at hand sat a blind Tomba beating a huge drum. . . . He accompanied his drumming with a weird chant. . . . The Tombas now appeared in fantastic crowns or diadems. . . . A large rooster was now brought forward by the sick man. Its head and mouth were washed and it was then taken away for the time being. . . .

"The offering to the spirits of the ancestors was

BITING A RED-HOT PLOUGHSHARE AND BATTLING WITH DEMONS: STRANGE RITES OF "FAITH-HEALING" IN YUNNAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH F. ROCK, LEADER OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S YUNNAN PROVINCE EXPEDITION.

AUTHOR OF "HUNTING THE CHAUMOGGA TREE," IN THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON).



NASHI PRIESTS DANCING WITH SWORDS AND GONGS BEFORE THEIR ALTAR: A PRELIMINARY CEREMONY AT THE EXORCISM OF A DEVIL FROM MR. J. F. ROCK'S HOUSE AT NGULUKO.



IN FULL BATTLE ARRAY FOR THEIR CEREMONIAL WARFARE IN THEIR EXORCISTIC PANOPLY, BEFORE AN ALTAR



WITH THE EVIL SPIRITS OF DISEASE: NASHI PRIESTS ON WHICH STANDS A PILE OF SACRED BOOKS. IN ACTIVE CONFLICT WITH DISEASE DEMONS: THE SAME PRIESTS DURING THE "BATTLE"—SHOWING (ON RIGHT) THE ENTRANCE TO THE COURTYARD OF MR. ROCK'S HOUSE, AND (BACKGROUND) RACKS FOR DRYING GRAIN.



WITH FLAGS LIKE BAT-WINGS STUCK IN THE BACK OF HIS SASH: THE CHIEF TOMBA (PRIEST) AT THE ALTAR BESEECHING THE NASHI GODS FOR HELP IN DRIVING OUT A DEVIL.



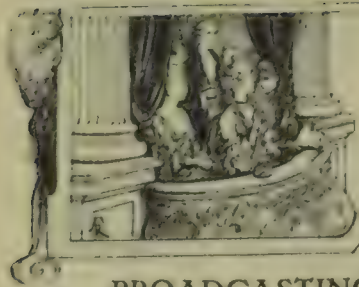
HOLDING A RED-HOT PLOUGHSHARE BETWEEN HIS TEETH: THE CHIEF TOMBA IN THE GRAND FINALE OF



"ROLLING HIS UNCAINY EYES": THE TOMBA IN A STATE OF ECSTASY, WHIRLING AN IRON RING STRUNG WITH SMALL DISCS, AND BEATING A GONG (HELD IN HIS RIGHT HAND).

The weird ceremony of exorcising devils of disease, performed by the Nashi priests of Yunnan, in south-western China, is thus described by Mr. Joseph F. Rock in his article in the "National Geographic Magazine," of which a larger section appears on page 145. The photographs illustrate a special repetition of the ceremony performed for his benefit outside his house at Ngulukö. Of the first performance, at the house of a sick native, and of another ceremony, he writes: "The second act was initiated by the drum and gongs. A bonfire was kindled not far from the altar, and into it a ploughshare was brought to a red heat. . . . The chief Tomba now entered the house. Here, on a table with piles of Nashi books stacked on the left side, a poppy-seed oil lamp was burning. The Tomba exchanged his black robe for a blue one; his crown gave place to a scarlet turban; in his sash in the rear he placed four flags, looking like bat-wings and giving him a demoniacal appearance. . . . He performs a fanatic dance, rolling his uncanny eyes. In his left hand he whisks an iron ring with discs of the same metal, while with his right he strikes a gong at top speed. . . . A pot with oil is now placed on a brazier in front of

the door, while the Tomba dances frantically. . . . With his sword he lifts the glowing ploughshare from the fire, places it on the ground, dances around it furiously, and finally licks it with his tongue, the hissing sound being distinctly audible. He now dips his right hand into the hot oil, holding the pot in his bare left hand, enters the room, and emerges with the pot full of blue flames. . . . This ceremony is called *Dzu dö*. As it was impossible to take pictures of that performance, which lasted until two in the morning, I arranged, under a pretext, that a similar ceremony be performed in my courtyard. . . . For hours the harrowing procedure lasted, and finally ended when one of the Tombas took the hot ploughshare in his mouth and held it between his teeth. A few days later, I received an invitation to attend a religious ceremony of a different order (at the house of a Nashi who had had ill-luck with his cattle). When I arrived the ceremony had begun. Five Tombas were dancing around the altar with swords, cymbals, and gongs, while a sixth was beating a drum. . . . The dance continued for more than two hours, increasing in violence when swords were thrown into the air and sham battles were fought with unseen spirits."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



BROADCASTING AND THE MANAGERS.—SHAW PLAYS IN PARIS.—THE FRENCH PLAYERS.

WHAT is this strange mentality of our theatrical managers that they oppose every new movement *quand même*—wildly and a little senselessly? We experienced it when Ibsen came along and upset the whole apple-cart—or, I should rather say, the Thespian cart. We experienced it when the electrophone brought the theatre and concert-hall nearer home. We experienced it when the Valentine Standard Contract insured the small salaries of the lesser brothers and sisters. We experienced it when the entertainment tax was decreed—the tax which the public pays and the manager not a tithe, for even the dead-head tickets are exempt. We experience it now when broadcasting is the order of the day, and a tide that can be damned (with an “n”) yet never be stemmed—for it means progress and brightening of homes, to say nothing of its educational uses for the masses and the classes. This is the most inane opposition of all, for in the very near future it will write some of the loudest clamourers down as *confrères* of King Midas and of the ostrich.

And it is not only inane, it is shortsighted to the degree of blindness. I have talked about it to all sorts and conditions of men in England as well as in other countries—France, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary; and nowhere, *nowhere*, have I encountered but a shrug of the shoulders and in some quarters delicate questions as to managerial sanity. It is indeed the climax of insularity. Do these opponents not understand that every tune and every phrase that is broadcast is a live advertisement for their show—that it kindles in the hearer keen desire to see what he hears; that there is no particle of proof of a single person being discouraged from visiting the theatre, while there is ample evidence of the contrary? Ask the sponsors of “Patricia” what broadcasting has done for them; ask the valiant Donald Calthrop, who declines to be a Dogberry and risks ostracism for his common-sense.

Personally, as one interested in our forthcoming Renaissance Theatre and in the propagation of our classics, in unison with my partner, Miss Alice Fredman, I shall let Mr. Reith know that, as soon as we begin, the broadcaster will be our welcome guest. We know why we are doing it. We know that every fragment heard in the arm-chair at once will induce the hearer interested in the theatre to go and see the whole performance; that broadcasting will increase our *clientèle*, will be a helpmate in the stabilisation of our enterprise. Nor is there any cussedness, no “*m’as tu vu?*” as the French put it so deliciously, in our policy. We shall pursue it because we are alive to the utility of doing so; because we are progressive, not retrograde; because we are aware of the inevitable march of the times and the consciousness that he who fights that march will find himself sadly left behind. For things move swiftly these days, and to oppose that which is bound to come and to endure is like the noble but futile duels of the late-lamented Mr. Quixote with the windmill. There is an inexorable law of nature—the railroad has proved it as well as the kinema—that what will be will be, and that no manner of resistance can thwart a movement which the great majority supports overwhelmingly day by day. Let the managers who think otherwise compare the licenses for broadcasting obtained in 1925 with 1924. Why, the advance is stupendous. Of course, in a few months or so, the upheaval of opposition will subside, and the World of the Theatre will settle down to the regular order of things. But why, oh why, go on in a foolhardy struggle which only harms the theatre because it informs the crowd—which is not always unthinking—that some of our managers, so vaunted for their cleverness and enterprise, are merely stubborn, and have a very limited horizon where things of universal portent are concerned? Is

it not wiser to bend, instead of being broken on the wheel of progress? *Caveant Consules!*

A week-end in Paris is ever a rush and a flurry, yet

to see at least one act or two of Shaw by the Macdona Company at the Théâtre Fémina. The repertory comprises a dozen Shaw plays, and some of them, notably “Fanny’s First Play,” have already been produced before full houses. On the occasion of my visit “Pygmalion” was the programme, with Miss Florence Jackson in the main part. I found a fairly filled house with a sprinkling of French people—for as René Kerdyk, the young French poet, said, “He is the only English dramatist since Pinero we know!” (Such is fame, O Jones, Barrie, Maugham!) And I found a set of very painstaking actors who tried to do justice to the master. The production, on the whole, was very skilful—Mr. Percy sees to that—and the acting was competent in places, very good in others. But the general fault was deliberate delivery—and that is anti-Shaw. Hence there were dull moments, except when Miss Jackson was on the war-path. She plays the part with spirit and zest, and she fired off the famous word with “b” as from a revolver. The audience “swam in joy,” as the old and never-to-be-forgotten French critic Sarcey

used to say. On the whole, the experiment seems successful, if, as we all hope, the enterprising Macdona does not lose money over a more permanent English theatre in Paris. For the English and American colonies are sufficient in numbers to maintain it and make it self-supporting.

It looks as if the new season of the French Players at the Queenboro’ Club, which Mr. Cyril Green has so kindly placed at my disposal for the purpose, augurs well. The Paris Press greeted the manifesto in French, which was published in “The World of the Theatre” a fortnight ago, with unwonted enthusiasm; and Antoine, the founder of the Théâtre Libre, devoted a special article to the London French Theatre in the *Journal*.

One day, I was bidden to a *répétition générale* of Tristan Bernard’s most charming play, “Le Prince Charmant.” It had been done ten years ago by the Comédie Française, and then the war intervened. Now it is revived with enormous success at the Théâtre Michel, one of those band-boxes which abound in Paris, and the master-humourist, Tristan Bernard himself, plays a leading part, which anon, it is on the cards, will be created in London by Mr. Arthur Bourchier.

In the *entr’acte* I went on the stage to congratulate the playwright-player. I boldly said to him: “Your play has bewitched me; I would like to open the season of the French Players in London with it.” “You have got it,” he said, “and what’s more, I will come over to play in it for you.” That was indeed a *pêche miraculeuse*, as the French call it so nicely; but it was not the only catch of the day. We in London had received a letter from one of the cleverest among the youngest French actresses, Lillian Greuze, Sarah Bernhardt’s god-daughter, who was launched by her at fifteen, when she became an immediate success. She betokened interest in our French Players, and proffered her services. I saw her and told her that our enterprise was as distinguished as our exchequer was small, and she replied: “I am an enthusiast like yourselves, I will be your leading lady. I will play my best parts for you: ‘Le Ruisseau’ of Pierre Wolff; ‘Petite Peste’ of Coolus; I will play in ‘Le Prince Charmant,’ and glory will be the greater part of my reward.”

Need I go further except to add that several Ambassadors have promised their patronage, so that we shall start in our *bonbonnière* at the Queenboro’ Club under such auspices as never smiled upon us before. For at length we have found the philosopher’s stone: to run French plays in London with George Warfaz as Artistic Director at the helm, in reasonable confidence that the enterprise from the first will make the two ends meet.



SARAH BERNHARDT’S GOD-DAUGHTER, TO BE LEADING LADY OF MR. J. T. GREIN’S FRENCH PLAYERS IN THEIR FORTHCOMING SEASON AT THE QUEENBORO’ CLUB: LILLIAN GREUZE.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

the traveller always finds time for a joy-ride of his own. So I yielded to the invitation of Mr. Esmé Percy and his fellow enthusiasts that I should come



THE WIFE OF IBSEN’S GRANDSON TO PLAY “LEAD” IN HIS “THE LADY FROM THE SEA,” SHORTLY TO BE GIVEN BY MR. J. T. GREIN’S INDEPENDENT THEATRE, AT THE LYRIC: MME. LILLEBIL IBSEN.

“The Lady from the Sea” is to be produced at the Lyric Theatre, under the patronage of King Haakon of Norway, by Mr. J. T. Grein’s Independent Theatre, on February 2. Mme. Lillebil Ibsen is the wife of Tancred Ibsen, a grandson of the great dramatist. Writing of her on this page in our issue of December 27 last, Mr. Grein said: “‘The Lady from the Sea’ has never been properly seen in England, but will anon be launched with Lillebil in the leading part, for she looks the woman. . . . Lillebil is not only an eminent dancer, and now a constant favourite at the Coliseum and the Alhambra, but, as Johan Boyer said after seeing her in ‘La Dame aux Camélias,’ ‘she is the future great actress of Norway.’ Sibelius has written for her a mimodrama, ‘Scaramouche,’ which created a furore at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, only to be surpassed by her performance of the Nun in ‘The Miracle.’”—[Photograph by Brooke Hughes.]



King James' Staircase, Houghton Tower.

Knighting a baron—of beef

CROWNING a hill on the uplands of Lancashire stands Houghton Tower, one of the most interesting examples of the earlier fortified Tudor manor houses, designed to afford protection to the lord of the manor and his retainers in days of fierce family feuds and cruel civil war.

The structure is so extensive that it has the appearance of a hamlet rather than one home, an effect due perhaps to the loss of the original central Tower round which the other buildings clustered until the Parliamentarians took possession. While this event was being celebrated "through want of heedfulness some gunpowder was set afyre, blew up and threw down some part of the Tower and slew divers souldiers."

Some years before this happened James I honoured Houghton Tower with his presence when he was magnificently entertained by Sir Richard Houghton and the local gentry. Records show that the visit was marked by great festivity—"rush bearing," "piping" and a "maske,"—though the fare provided appears to have been more substantial than epicurean. At dinner, it is reported, the monarch in merry mood observed the ancient custom of ennobling the great baron of beef with his kingly accolade.

Though John Haig Scotch Whisky had no place in this particular banquet,—it was first produced a few years later, in 1627—for nearly three hundred years now the fine quality and consistent excellence of this famous whisky have been recognised by its selection for other great occasions throughout the world.



A Corselet of Arquebusier Armour with Morion, late 16th Century.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN is having a quiet and restful time in Norfolk, and, with better weather, has been able to be out more. Her Majesty is a great lover of open air, as are all her children. The Queen of Norway is still at Appleton, but will leave for Norway in a few weeks. Excellent news continues to reach Queen Alexandra of the benefit to Princess Victoria's health from her stay at Lugano, which has been prolonged. There is also better news of late from Denmark of the Empress Marie Feodorovna, who is decidedly better than she was when the New Year came in. She is at the comfortable summer villa at Helvidore, on the coast, not far from Copenhagen, which she built jointly with Queen Alexandra for their occupation during their holiday time. The royal and imperial sisters have not, I think, ever spent a summer there together, and there is little likelihood that they will do so now, since Queen Alexandra says that she will never again leave the country of her adoption. Frost has afforded the King some of the wild-fowl shooting which he so enjoys as a change from other kinds of sport. The Queen spends much time over the business of her life—no light matter—and her Majesty is also a letter-writer to absent members of her family and friends, and seldom knows an idle moment.

No sooner had floods begun to subside than Jack Frost appeared to interfere with hunting. However, in this land of ours no climatic condition lasts long, and before this is printed Nimrods will probably be happy again. The Prince of Wales was disappointed; as he had hoped for a nice spell in the grass country; doubtless he will have it yet.

Madeira seems to be quite in the running for the favour of winter tourists with the French and Italian Rivas and with Algiers. All sorts of amusements are in progress, and those who have gone seem quite delighted with the sunshine, the picturesqueness, and the unusualness of the place. Our own coast resorts are by no means deserted, particularly those within easy reach of London. Small wonder that people like to escape from the grime and depression of a real "London particular" into South Coast sunshine and brightness.

people well known in society, and a millionaire, who had been at a shooting party in Surrey, try to board the first-class carriages of a mid-day train to town. All were full—which is not astonishing, as there were but three. They got in third, and then went through a particularly long tunnel in pitch darkness. Such



A wide bow of satin suspended from the collar is a striking feature of this fur-trimmed coat designed and carried out by Martial Armand.

things do not endear a railway company to the public. The shooting-party guests were by no means the only ones on that train to have their nerves jarred for the day, and to make frequent mention of the reason.

The Duke of Leinster seems to take his pleasures quietly. He spends many week-ends in a comfortable hotel on the Sussex coast. He is tall and thin, and looks far from strong, so doubtless he chooses wisely, for the Sussex coast is a bracing and a healthy place. The Duke's mother was, I believe, the most regally beautiful woman of her day. It was a short one: she died young. The eldest of the late Earl and Countess of Feversham's four beautiful daughters, she was the most superbly beautiful. Her sisters, Lady D'Abernon, Lady Cynthia Graham, and Lady Ulrica Baring, are remarkably handsome now, and promise to remain so for years to come.

Prince Henry went last week to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Langholme Lodge, Selkirkshire, for shooting and hunting. Lord William Scott, one of the Duke's younger sons, is a brother officer and Extra Equerry to Prince Henry, who has recently been staying with the father of another brother officer and Equerry. Because there are unmarried girls in the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's family, all sorts of people and papers started matrimonial rumours. These may or may not prove true, but are, to say the least of it, premature. The King's sons may not dance with, ride with, flirt with, or talk much with any highly placed girl without causing a crop of rumours; yet the King's sons are, like other young men, pleased with the society of nice young girls, of whom there are many, but each can marry only one, and Prince Henry's choice is unlikely to be made just yet.

Lady Marjorie Beckett has not been well, and was ordered a rest cure. She gave a ball at Kirkdale not long since, and another more recently at Lord Feversham's place, which was used by consent of his trustees, as he is a minor. Lady Marjorie is the pretty daughter of the late Earl of Warwick. She is a great favourite with all who know her, and says that she occasionally

gets mixed up in the ramifications of her own family. She has four step-daughters, two sons and a daughter of her own, and a son of her own and her present husband's, the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett. This couple can therefore ask, "Is that your son or my daughter playing with our son?" Lady Marjorie is a model mother; she is well-read, and a keen sports-woman. Her mother, Lady Warwick, gave her a democratic education, finishing with a year in Paris. Her elder son, the young Earl of Feversham, inherits fully the family good looks, which are on both sides. He is said to be a singularly unaffected, jolly, unspoiled lad, and very keen on hunting. His father was M.F.H.

The Hon. Victoria Fitzroy chose to have a quiet country wedding with Major W. V. Beatty at the Parish Church, Darlington. She elected to have only one bridesmaid, her sister, the Hon. Ismay Fitzroy. The bridal dress was of gold tissue and the train of old lace. The wedding was fixed for Wednesday, the 21st.

Mrs. Philip Snowden has been speaking out in Canada. She has always been the smartest-looking and best-turned-out of the leading ladies of the Labour Party. She is charming to meet, a clever and bright talker, and full of humour; also she is tall, erect, and handsome. Her advantages, therefore, are many, and she makes the most of them. Her husband commends himself to English people on many counts, and he probably endorses all she says, although, being loyal to party traditions, he does not say so.

The housing scheme for the newly rich is progressing well. The great steel framework in Piccadilly which has long been so unattractive a sight is to be completed as a gigantic hotel, to which a hundred or so more bed-rooms than originally intended will be added. Devonshire House site will be occupied by shops and luxurious flats, and a similar scheme is under consideration for the Stratton Street block, of which the late Baroness Burdett



A fairy-like frock of white crêpe ornamented with fringes of chenille and crimson roses. It must be placed to the credit of Lucien Lelong.

Of course, the poor, dear, badly berated Southern Railway does not profit all it should, as people prefer their cars to unheated carriages (often the lot of travellers by the Southern), unpunctuality, and sometimes dirt. No railway could quite deserve all the Southern has recently got, but I saw a Peeress, two



Lucien Lelong has fashioned this simple sports suit of a Rodier kasha in brown plaid and plain, trimmed with leopard-skin.

Coutts's house is the corner. The housing schemes for the poor (newly and otherwise) present the problem of securing for the tenant accommodation at a very low rental; that for the newly (and otherwise) rich, of securing from the tenants the highest possible rental.

A. E. L.

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P 300



THE CHEMICAL WAR.

(Continued from Page 136.)

subsistence from a friendly country as it did in enemy territory.

War imposed rules and limitations which harmonised at the same time with a moral principle and a practical necessity. But if it is not impossible, neither is it easy to subject war to rules. The transformation was a slow one. During the Thirty Years' War, there was a strange contradiction. The armies which operated in Germany lived on the country as had been the custom in the sixteenth century. Moreover, the war in Germany was an atrocious war of pillage, ambushes, and bloody vengeance. In Catalonia and in Flanders, on the contrary, thanks to the number of fortresses, there were everywhere magazines of artillery and supplies, so that the army could fight without the added duty of wresting their living from the peasants by brute force. For this reason, the war was so much milder in Spain and Flanders, that it was often impossible to make use in Germany of the troops who had fought on the other fronts. This little fact, which is of supreme importance, is told us by Turenne and Puysegur.

This limitation of war, of which the Thirty Years' War saw the modest beginnings, was gradually developed in the eighteenth century into a coherent and complete system of rules. The armies strictly forbade themselves all acts of pillage, all forced requisitions, all acts of violence, not only towards the population of their own country, but also towards their enemy. Each army established magazines on its rear, in well-chosen towns, and moved them on as they moved on themselves; they regularly provisioned these magazines, utilising the water-ways whenever it was possible; they completed their provisioning by regular consignments from these magazines and from purchases made at market prices, even in an enemy country.

It was with these restrictions, imposed by precise rules on all armies, that the States of Europe fought on the Continent from the time of Louis XIV. till the French Revolution. Destroyed by the Revolution, this conception of a limited and ordered warfare was much abused by the theorists of the nineteenth century. It was argued

that war in the eighteenth century, with its rules, its reduced forces, its scientific manœuvring and its formalism, was a conventional war, artificial and consequently false; in fact, a degeneration of real war. It is not to be doubted that wars were long in the eighteenth century, but it is also indisputable that they imposed very small sacrifices in blood and money on the population and the soldiers; they did not excite such atrocious hatred between nations, and they did not need ever-increasing armies. It is a principle admitted by all military writers in the eighteenth

forces, in which all bands were loosed, but as a learned and subtle art, subject, like all arts, to strict and precise rules which set before itself the quality of perfection. The soldiers were few in number, but just for that very reason it was attempted to make them excellent, by means of a long and careful education. Being rare and of high quality, they were precious, and, being precious, it was necessary to let as few of them be killed as possible. The general had to try and reach the objective of the war by finely organised manœuvres, sparing as much as possible the blood of his soldiers.

Whether it were artificial or not, it cannot be denied that such a conception of war was noble and elevated. It was the last creation of the old qualitative civilisations, which were destroyed by the great industrial and democratic development of the nineteenth century. It will never be resuscitated in its superannuated form, any more than the Court of Versailles, the Holy Roman Empire, or the aristocratic organisation of Europe can be brought to life again. It would not, perhaps, be useless, however, to study it a little seriously as it really was, so as to understand it, instead of despising it as an artificial deformity of true war. It would show us how a civilisation can impose upon itself rules and limitations in exercising legal violence, and observe them in the consciousness of an advantage superior to that which a belligerent might obtain as an immediate result by violating them.

This is the lesson which our epoch requires to take to heart more than it probably supposes. One often hears it said that war will continue on earth so long as humanity exists. That is possible; but if war is eternal its forms continually change. It may be more or less scientific, more or less bloody, more or less cruel, more or less uncontrolled. These differences have a considerable im-

portance for the happiness of generations, for the destinies of states, and for the greatness of civilisations.

It is only the spirit of the dead civilisations which can correct the faults of those which still live. That is why we should from time to time evoke this spirit. That is the task of history, and that is the reason why man can never detach his eyes from the past, even when he is marching towards the future.



CAIRO'S SPECIAL POLICE IN READINESS FOR EMERGENCIES—MEN OF THE GUARD COMPANY, EQUIPPED WITH SHIELDS AND "TIN HATS," ENTERING A LORRY WIRED TO PROTECT THEM FROM MISSILES.

As noted on page 136, where we illustrate their "single-stick" drill with truncheons, the Guard Company of the Egyptian Police in Cairo was organised as a special force to deal with political or anti-British disturbances. They are a picked body of conscripted men living in barracks under military discipline. As a protection against stones, they are equipped with tin helmets and small shields, and their transport lorries are covered in with wire-netting. They are armed with rifles as well as truncheons.—[Photograph by Topical.]

century that small armies are worth more than big ones. Marshal Puysegur considered an army of 80,000 men as an irreparable defect, on account of its excessive size, which rendered it impossible to manipulate.

The warfare of the eighteenth century, whose formalism so much shocked the theorists of the nineteenth century, was not a senile degeneration of war; it was war conceived, not as a wild explosion of passions and destructive



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Petticoat Bargains.

There is still another week before the closing date of the sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., and a note should be made of the splendid bargains in petticoats available. There are soft affairs of quilted satin, very warm yet light and slim, for 29s. 6d., and others in satin for 21s. 9d., obtainable in full sizes. Then there are some exceedingly useful petticoats in light and dark shantung, available for 12s. 9d. each, which will yield yeoman service.

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Sweet PERFUME of Thibet

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Road Racing in England. It may be remembered that a Bill for legalising motor-cycle road racing in England passed its first reading in the last Parliament. At the time I expressed regret that the R.A.C. had not associated itself with the Auto-Cycle Union in asking

for the Grand Prix attract hundreds of thousands of spectators. It would certainly benefit the localities themselves, because the thousands who would flock to see the racing would spend considerable sums of money there. It would with equal certainty benefit motoring at large, because of the immense advertising value to the movement of racing under road conditions. Also, it would greatly benefit the British industry by demonstrating for all to see that our manufacturers can build cars which are equal to, or even better than those built abroad. Our cars would for the first time be racing with the advantage of being on their own ground, with all their resources at hand instead of across the narrow seas.

The "Drunken Motorist." The problem of what the Daily Press is very fond of calling "The Drunken Motorist" threatens to become very serious before long. During recent weeks many motorists have been convicted for drunkenness while in charge of motor-cars, and almost invariably the sentences imposed have been imprisonment without the option

of a fine. I think I am voicing the opinions of most thinking motorists when I say that, generally speaking, and taking the evidence at its face value, the convictions have been well deserved and the sentences not at all out of proportion to the measure of the offence. But in several cases which have resulted in convictions there seems to have been a very grave doubt, of which the defendant was not given the benefit. There was one recently in which I happen to be slightly acquainted with the principal actor. He was charged with being drunk while in charge of a car and with driving to the common danger. What seems to have happened was that in the

half-light of the evening he drove on the wrong side of some road repairs and, before he could rectify the error, knocked over a tripod supporting one of the poles set up to stop the traffic. Unfortunately, he was not too civil to the policeman who came up to take particulars, and the latter alleged that he was drunk. He admitted that he had had two drinks—and duly received a sentence of twenty-one days in the second division. I am holding no brief for anybody in this particular case, but on the facts as they came out in evidence, apart altogether from the defendant's character for abstemiousness, there was most certainly a strong doubt about his condition. As a fact, nobody was more surprised at the conviction than the eminent firm of solicitors who defended.

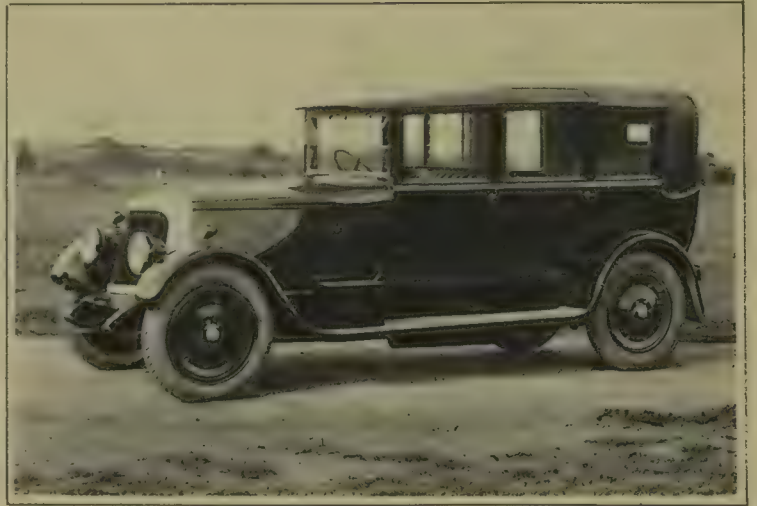
Now, if motorists are to be sentenced to imprisonment without the option of a fine for this offence—and I quite agree that they should where actual danger to the public ensues—there must be no shadow of doubt about the case. The mere imprisonment is an incident—a few weeks'



EVIDENCE THAT THE BRITISH MOTOR-MANUFACTURER RETAINS HIS HOLD ON OVERSEAS MARKETS: A FLEET OF SINGER CARS FOR SHIPMENT TO EGYPT.

that the permission to hold such races should include cars. This omission has now, I understand, been rectified, and the R.A.C. has undertaken to assist in drawing up an alternative Bill which will have the effect of enabling road races for either cars or motor-cycles to be held on selected road circuits. This is, of course, contingent on the Bill passing the two Houses, which, I imagine, it will do without a great deal of controversy, provided it is accompanied by the necessary qualifications reserving the rights of the particular localities in which it may be proposed to hold races.

It is greatly to be hoped that the Bill will pass, because I am certain that motor road racing under proper safeguards would be almost, if not quite, as popular in this country as it is in France, Italy, and Germany, in which countries such races as those



LUXURIOUS AND IMPOSING: AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY 30-H.P. ENCLOSED LANDAULETTE.

discomfort and deprivation of liberty—but the social and business consequences are far too serious for any haphazard methods in dealing with such cases.

[Continued overleaf.]

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and SOUTHAMPTON

(Continued.)

On Car Batteries.

It is true to say that the soul of the modern motor-car lies in the electric batteries with which it is equipped. In many cases the car relies upon its batteries for ignition current, for lighting, and



A POST-BOX ON A TRAM-CAR: POSTING LETTERS IN A NOVEL TYPE OF "PILLAR-BOX" ESTABLISHED ON THE ILFORD TRAMWAYS.

An interesting innovation has been adopted on the Ilford tramways, at the suggestion of the Postmaster-General, in the form of a post-box attached to a tram. This extends the time for despatching letters. After the last post has left Barkingside (at 8 p.m.) residents in the district can post letters in the box on the tram which leaves at 9.20, at any point on the route.

The box is fixed to the car, and locked, by a postman.

Photograph by P. and A.

for engine-starting. In practically every case it depends upon them for lighting and starting. Yet how many motorists take the trouble to ask, when buying a new car, what batteries are supplied? Very

few. Of course, there are not many bad batteries nowadays, because the people who made such could not stay in the business. Some are better than others. I have recently been interesting myself in batteries and battery cases, and have been rather impressed by the products of Peto and Radford—a firm which has been in the business of making batteries for motor-cars for at least as long as I can remember. The particular battery which has taken my fancy is called the Bulldog, in what is known as the "Dagenite" container. This Dagenite is a special composition which is acid-proof and leak-proof, while it is practically unbreakable even when dropped; and those old-time annoyances of the leaky battery and the rotting wood case become things of the past when this battery is used. Made in every size suitable for use on the motor-car—and, incidentally, for wireless—it is a really good battery.

Morris Developments.

Messrs. Morris Motors, Ltd., have purchased the Léon Bollée works with the intention of producing Morris cars in France. Mr. R. W. Morris, in announcing this new purchase, said: "If I want to make motor-cars in this country to sell over in France, I have to face an almost insurmountable obstacle in the shape of the heavy French tariff—the result being that I have bought one of the best-known motor-car factories in France as a going concern, and shall employ French labour to make cars for French motorists. I agree with and uphold the policy of the French Government and its protective measures; I support protection not as a plank in a political platform—it does not concern me one jot or tittle which party supports protection—but I do see that it is the only safe measure to adopt."

An Uncanny Tell-Tale.

A device called the "Luctor" has been brought to my attention. It is a quite uncanny affair, which tells one what is actually happening in the cylinders. The Luctor is not an ordinary spark-gap or

ignition intensifier. It is, in fact, something quite new, and its action is entirely different from and more useful than the majority of such devices. Its installation on a car, it is claimed, once and for all prevents misfiring due to sooted or carbonised plugs. It not only indicates on a dial fitted on the dashboard which plug is faulty; its action actually automatically cleans oily or carbonised sparking-plugs whilst the engine is running, and enables them to recommence firing. This may appear to be unbelievable, but tests have proved that this claim is fully justified. The device consists of a chamber in a fibre housing attached to the instrument board of the car and provided with a spark-gap for each cylinder. The plug in the cylinder is connected to this device by a second high-tension wire, and the central electrode of the various spark-gaps is earthed. It prevents misfiring due to oily plugs, intensifies the spark without any risk of break-down of magneto, indicates at sight which plug is faulty, and prevents break-down and delay due to oily or carbonised plugs.—W. W.



THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR, HEAD OF A PARTLY REACTIONARY GOVERNMENT: DR. LUTHER "FILMED" ON HIS DEPARTURE AFTER HIS INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT EBERT.

Dr. Luther, the new German Chancellor, whose appointment was, announced on January 15, has formed a Cabinet containing a strong Nationalist element. He made a statement outlining his policy in the Reichstag on the 19th. In the last Government he was Minister of Finance.—[Photograph by P. and A.]

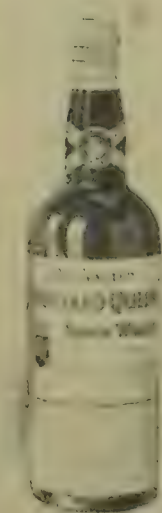
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Next to "super," the most abused word in the English language; tacked on to all degrees, from Excellence to the unspeakable. We must walk warily and use it with a nice discrimination.

Unfortunately, we know of no other word that sums up the virtues of a Scotch Whisky betraying great Age, fine Flavour, experienced Blending, Mellowness, absolute Harmony and an impeccable Past. The nearest we can get is two words. They are

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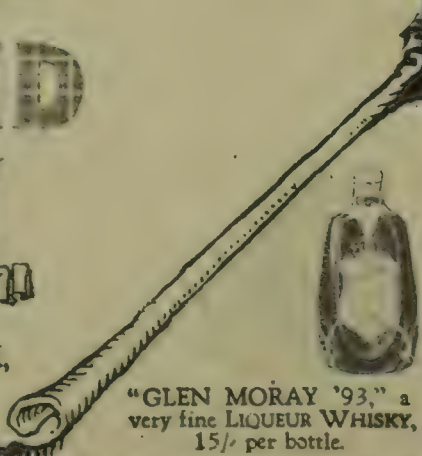
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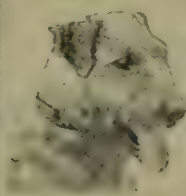
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That fitness brings a beauty of its own, a beauty that goes to a man's heart, because it is natural and lasting.

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"SAINT JOAN" AS A POPULAR SUCCESS.

AFTER writing plays for thirty years or more and, in his long battle with prejudice, advancing but slowly from the position of the idol of a coterie to that of generally accepted genius, Mr. Bernard Shaw now finds himself author of a big West-End success. He, the iconoclast, the enemy of the commercial drama, the hater of long runs, sees his latest and greatest play, "Saint Joan," destined to touch and perhaps pass the three hundred nights' line, a box-office triumph; and even he cannot be so very much less glad than the rest of us that London playgoers should confess themselves conquered and have fallen prostrate at his feet. For, after all, he has made no sacrifices in this masterpiece, and he has always denounced poverty as a crime; if times and tastes have taken long to change, he has, at any rate, not had to wait for a posthumous vindication. Even Mr. Shaw cannot be without his human weaknesses. There is nothing to say about "Saint Joan," now that it is being done at the Regent Theatre, save to sing its praises afresh, to hymn the charms of its heroine, to praise once more the tense drama of its trial scene, and to wish its epilogue were just a trifle different. Nor has the acting dropped at all from its original high level. Miss Sybil Thorndike's art seems to have mellowed somewhat possibly—to have taken a little more warmth and colour—her Joan could hardly have acquired more eloquence. And for

the rest, Mr. O. B. Clarence, to mention but one member of a splendid cast, still gives a performance that is worthy of the play; than that he could ask for no higher compliment.

That useful Society directory, the "Royal Blue Book" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd; 7s. 6d. net), of which the 1925 edition is now available, has existed as a Court and Parliamentary guide for over a hundred years. It covers the central and West-End residential quarters of London, within specified limits, and subject to some subtle distinctions. Thus, in Bloomsbury, Gordon Mansions are included; but Ridgmount Gardens, a similar block of flats on the opposite side of the street, and belonging to the same company, do not appear. The book contains a folding map, a street directory, and an alphabetical list of names and addresses, with telephone numbers added as far as can be ascertained. Particulars of the new Ministry and House of Commons are given in the present edition, together with a list of golf-clubs, and advertisements of British and Continental hotels.

In 1748, Giovan Battista Nolli, a native of Como, and an architect, published his "New Plan of Rome," which, in its infinity of detail, is of the highest value for all students, historical or archaeological. Hereofore, this plan was difficult alike of access and of study, since it was both rare and cumbersome

(a folio book of thirty-six pages, measuring 19 in. by 14 in.); but it has been brought within cheap and handy reach of all by its republication in the January number of *The Mask*, an illustrated theatrical quarterly (with English letterpress), whose postal address is Box 444, Florence, Italy. In two of the sections may be traced the site of the Circus Maximus, or Circo Massimo, whose destruction was completed during the Papacy of Paul V. Mussolini has rendered a service to all students and antiquaries in ordaining that this site, and vestiges of the ancient building, should be so far as possible dug out and preserved, a sum of two million lire having been allotted for the commencement of the works. This vast Circus was, with the Colosseum, the theatre of the world. According to Pliny, it was capable of holding 250,000 persons; while it is claimed that at a later date its capacity was extended to the enormous number of 380,000. Huelson, however, holds that 150,000 would probably be nearer to the truth. Here were held those magnificent "plays and public spectacles" with which, as Montaigne writes, "the people of Rome . . . time out of mind, had been accustomed to be entertain'd and caress'd." The Circus Maximus was introduced by Boito into his unfinished opera, "Nerone." Nowhere, perhaps, can the vast extent of the Circus be so well discerned and realised as in Nolli's plan; and nowhere can we better study the relative positions and the chronological relations of the great buildings.

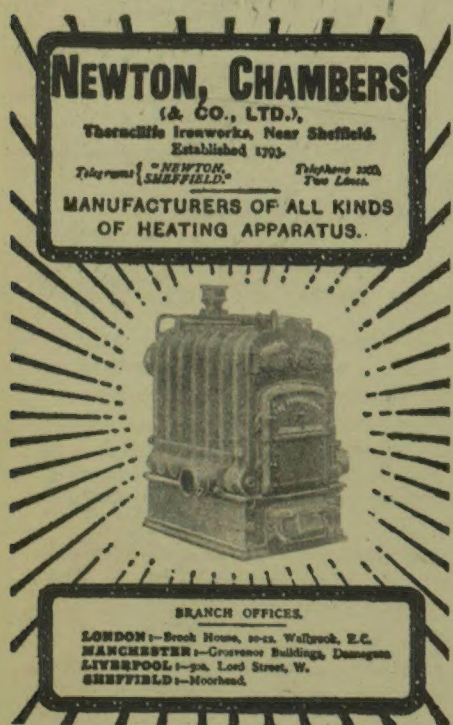


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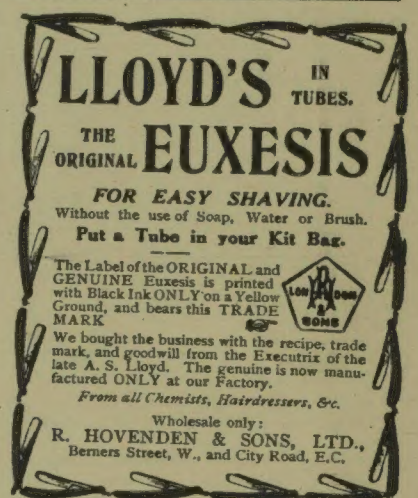
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Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.

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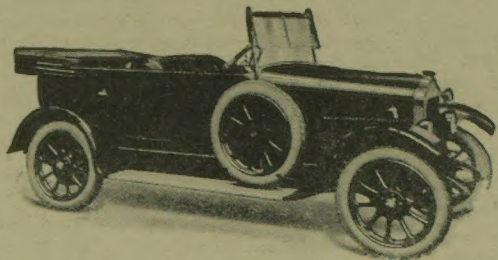
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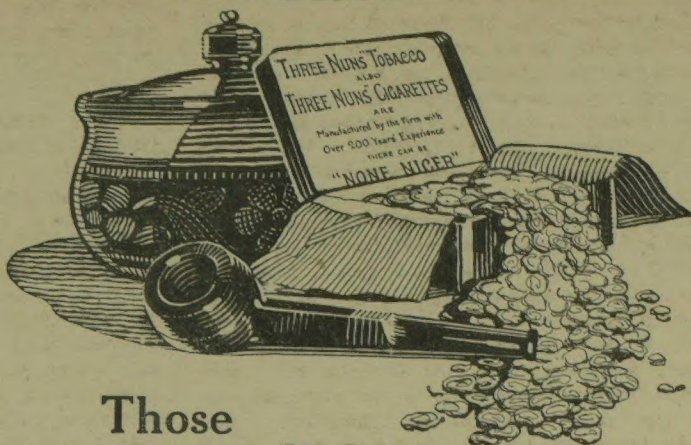
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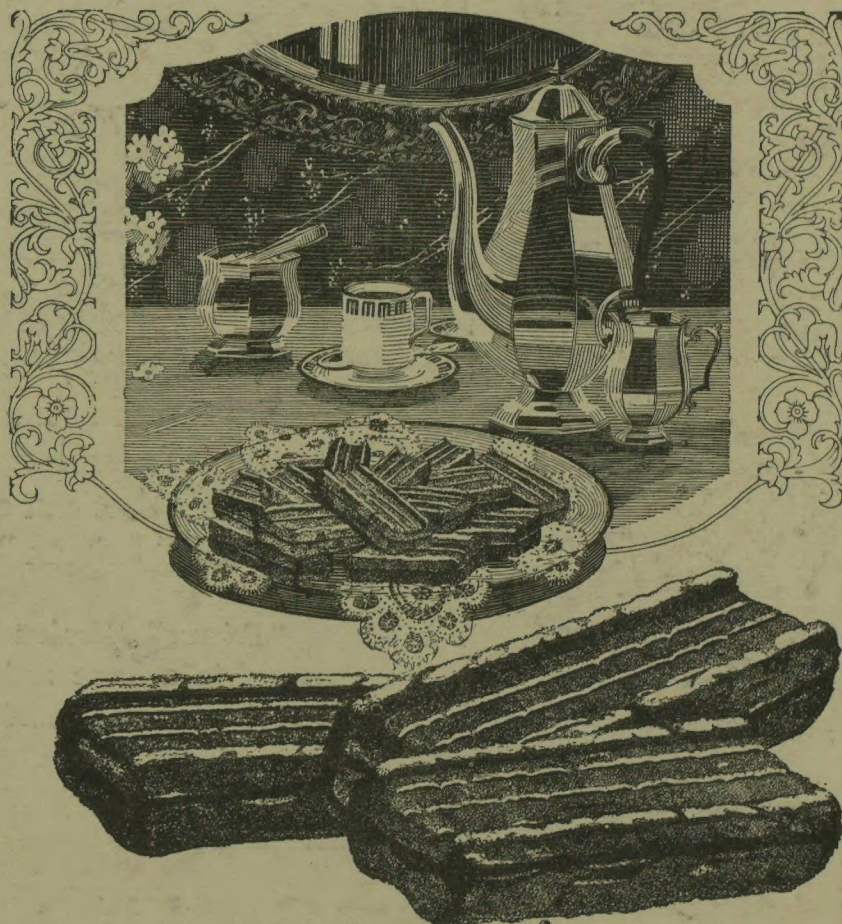
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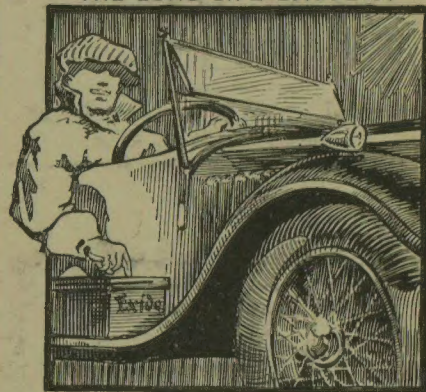
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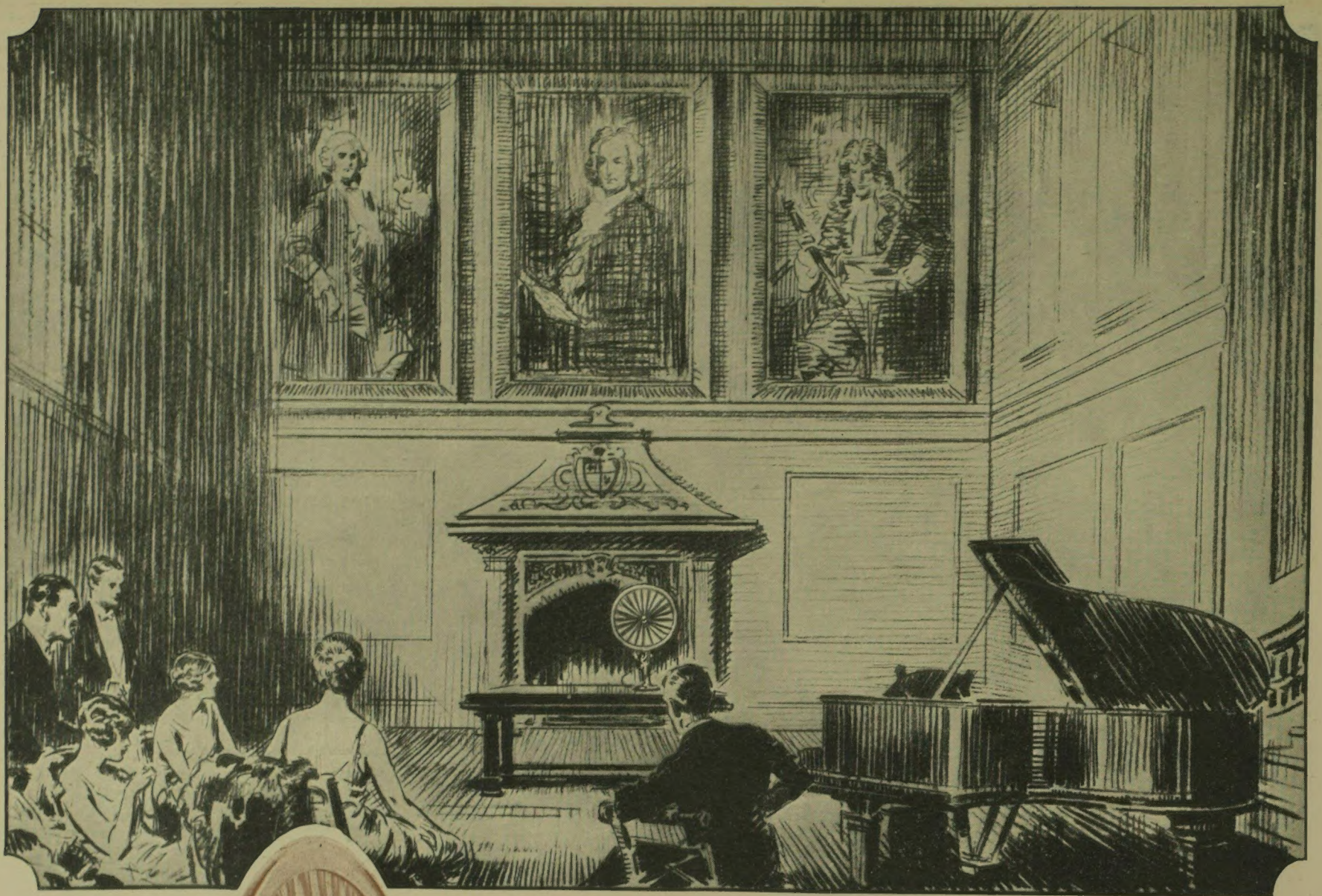
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